"I WAS ON THE SPOT—WITH MARILYN MONROE"

PHOTOPLAY

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AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING MOVIE MAGAZINE

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January

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JANUARY, 1954 • FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

HIGHLIGHTS

Bring Him Back Alive (Bob Wagner) . . . . . *Beverly Ott* 20
What's Happening to Doris? (Doris Day) 23
Inside Stuff . . . . . *Cal York* 24
Handle With Care! (Jane Russell) . . . . . *Richard Leon* 26
Too Hot to Last? . . . . . *Hedda Hopper* 28
On the Spot with Marilyn Monroe . . . . . *Sterling Smith* 30
In the Mood 32
Afraid to Fall in Love? (Scott Brady) . . . . . *Ruth Waterbury* 34
One Unenchanted Evening (Rosemary Clooney) . . . . . *James Hunt* 36
The More the Merrier (Dean Martin) . . . . . *Maxine Arnold* 38
This Is the Truth . . . . . *George Armstrong* 40
Esther Williams' Wonderful Christmas . . . . . *Maxine Block* 42
Teen-age Marriage is a Mistake . . . . . *Terry Moore* 46
Who Needs Beauty! (Audrey Hepburn) . . . . . *Mike Connolly* 48
Jeff's Other Love (Jeff Chandler, Susan Hayward) . . . . . *Jane Corwin* 50
Those Irish Eyes Are Smiling (Audrey Dalton) . . . . . *Dianne Scott* 52
Photoplay Fashions 53

FEATURES IN COLOR

Debra Paget 24
Rita Hayworth, Dick Haymes . . . 24
Debbie Reynolds 25
Dick Allan, Gloria Gordon 25
John Wayne, Pilar Palette 25
Audrey Hepburn 25
Jane Russell 27
Marilyn Monroe 30
Piper Laurie 32
Jean Simmons 32
Pier Angeli 33
Doris Day 33
Virginia Mayo 33
Arlene Dahl 33
Alan Ladd 44
Dale Robertson 45
Terry Moore 47
Jeff Chandler 50
Jane Powell 53

PHOTOPLAY PICTURE GALLERY

Kirk Douglas 59
Mona Freeman 60
Kathryn Grayson 61
Charlton Heston 62
Shelley Winters 63
Tab Hunter 64
Janet Leigh 65
Audie Murphy 66

SPECIAL EVENTS

Hollywood Parties . *Edith Gwynn* 4
That's Hollywood . *Sidney Skolsky* 6
Readers Inc. 8
Hollywood Whispers . *Florabel Muir* 12
Impertinent Item . *Mike Connolly* 12
Let's Go to the Movies *Janet Graves* 14
Sneak Preview: "Miss Sadie Thompson" 18
Casts of Current Pictures 71
Brief Reviews 90

Cover: Esther Williams is in M-G-M's "Easy to Love"
Color Portrait by Apger

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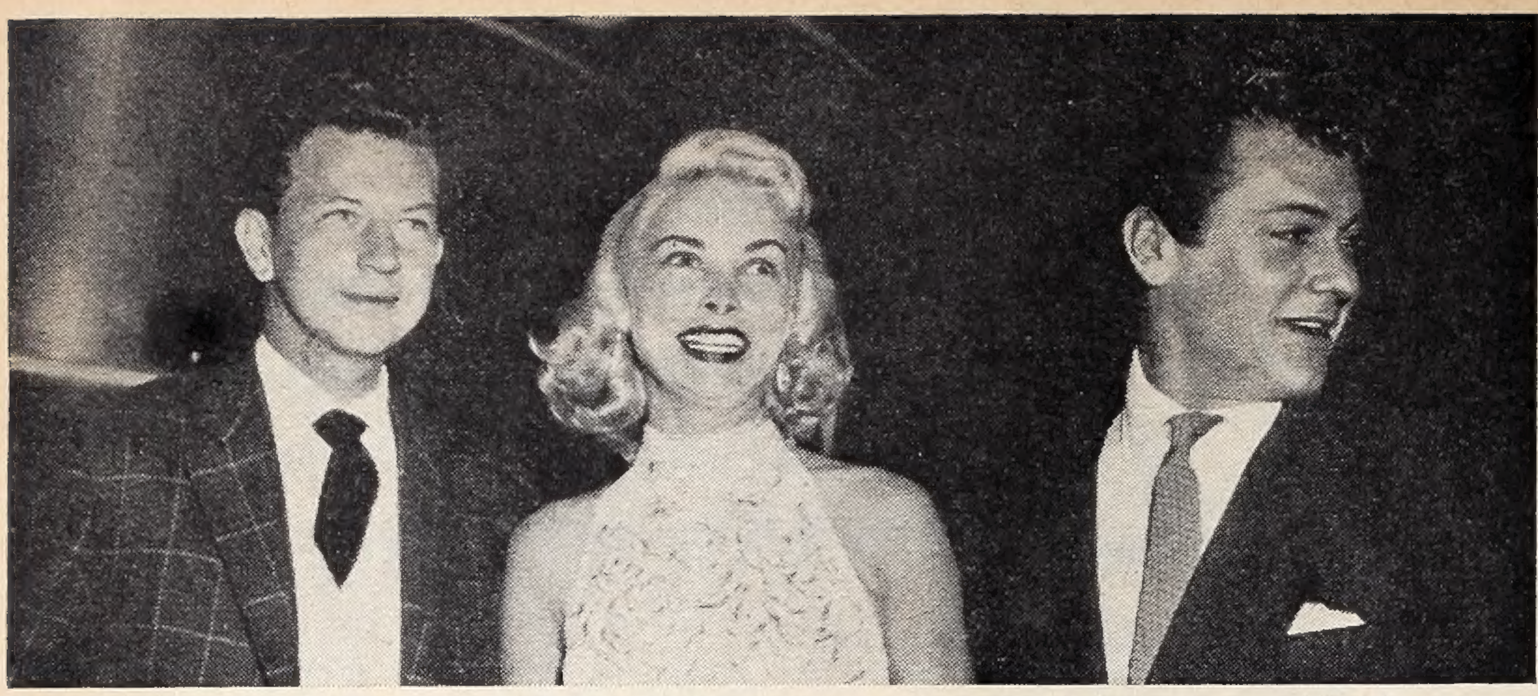
Story by Laslo Vadnay • Directed by **CHARLES WALTERS** • Produced by **JOE PASTERNAK**

AN M-G-M PICTURE



Donald, Janet and Tony hear Tony Martin—sing; see Jerry Lewis—"mess up the place"

Hollywood Party Line

Engaged pair: Mitzi Gaynor, Jack Bean

Table companions: Babs, George Nader

BY EDITH GWYNN

IF MOST HOLLYWOOD didn't have "preem-itis" this month, it wasn't the fault of the studios which fancy-preemed two big pictures within a week of each other. One of these preems was followed by a large party. But there were other openings and parties that brought out the glitter-crowd.

Biggest event was the long-awaited opening of "The Robe." I can't remember seeing a bigger star and studio-brass turnout. Most of the celebs who streamed into the theatre, sashayed over to Romanoff's later to sip, sup and dance to Freddie Karger's divine beat. Jean Simmons, under Stew Granger's beaming eye, took congratulations for her performance, wearing a lovely gown of draped white jersey, floor-length, topped by a long, white jersey stole banded in dark mink. Susan Hayward was in a light beige lace, ballerina-length gown; Betta St. John, so delightful as Miriam *in the film, wore emerald green taffeta, trimmed in velvet; Joan Caulfield, a blonde doll in black crepe. Joan's spouse, Frank Ross, who produced "The Robe," is one of the best dancers in the world. The gals kept Frank dancing all eve and the kudos kept him in a daze for days!*

Surprise twosome at the same preem: Mona Freeman and Bob Wagner. Mona in a flowing, floor-length gown of white net, with panels of coral net hanging from shoulders to hemline in back. Arlene Dahl (in pink and white net) with Fernando Lamas (natch); Marilyn Erskine, in white sequin-trimmed satin and net, was with Richard Gully—on account of Donald O'Connor was away; Ginger Rogers, plus much poundage—she's more than plump; Barbara Stanwyck, in a short, strapless, full-skirted dress of rose and gray net, was on Gilbert Roland's arm; talented TV actor George Nader; Debra Paget with her brother; Vic Mature; the Bob Mitchums; Joan Crawford, with Nick Ray, was a symphony in gray lace, gray mink stole—and hang on! She had her hair dyed gray to match!

Before the party, Joan had quite a hassle at the theatre. Seems she lingered so long in the lobby that when she got to her seats someone else was in 'em—and wouldn't get out! La Crawford was *feeurious* and left. Never did get to see the picture—not *that* night, anyway! And Bob Mitchum got into an argument with an usherette that had the gal in tears.

There were almost as many celebs a few nights later when "Mogambo" came to town. Clark Gable couldn't be there (he was busy in Holland filming "The True and the Brave" with Lana Turner)—but Ava Gardner, looking gawdgess, garnered enough sighs and applause for *three* stars. She was in a so-low-cut pastel satin gown, skin-tight from bustline to hemline and embroidered all over with beads, sequins and paillettes. Skirt was slit to the knee in front. A long stole of white fox set off her short, short hair-do. Ava's appearance was rather a surprise. F. Sinatra had told me, just a few days before, she would be with him that same night—when *he* opened his act in Las Vegas.

Another preem, another party: Glamour galore showed up for the brilliant opening of Ty Power, Anne Baxter and Raymond Massey in their stage fling with "John Brown's Body." Glimpsed were June Allyson (in pale blue taffeta with "I think forty-four petticoats," said June) and Dick Powell; Clifton Webb and his ma; Mitzi Gaynor with Jack Bean (he'd been shopping for an engagement ring that day!); Jeff Chandler with his estranged mate, Marge. Jeff, not to be outdone by Gil Roland's bright pink dress shirts, has taken to wearing pale blue ones with his tux. Brings out the color of his eyes like crazy! Tom Conway, Roberta Haynes, the Macdonald Careys, Sheila Connolly with Geary Steffen, were others on hand for this big-time evening.

Ty Power tossed a party at his home later that lasted until five ayem. Anne Baxter wore a pale gray jersey dress, with a draped bodice that criss-crossed up into a halterneck. The slim skirt too, was slightly draped. John Hodiak, who had come back-stage to congratulate Anne during the show, did the durndest thing at Ty's place. When Anne came in the door, he ducked out the back!

I said previously that I couldn't remember seeing a fancier turnout than that which greeted "The Robe" preem. True. Nor can I recall a café bow that's ever brought out as many stars as ringsided for Tony Martin's return to the Cocoanut Grove. Aside from Tony's terrific popularity, the eve was dedicated to the benefit of the Denver Hospital—and Tony donated his salary, along with the Grove's proceeds that night. Over $20,000 was raised, as Martin sang and sang.

Tony's beauteous Cyd Charisse, breathtakingly lovely in a ball gown of white satin and white chiffon, hostessed a tableful that included Corinne Calvet, in a strapless black velvet, trimmed with a garland of pale (*Continued on page* 86)

HERE COME THE GIRLS

IN *Opulent* COLOR BY
Technicolor

starring **BOB HOPE** • **TONY MARTIN**
ARLENE DAHL • **ROSEMARY CLOONEY**
co-starring
Millard Mitchell · William Demarest
with FRED CLARK · ROBERT STRAUSS
Produced by PAUL JONES · Directed by CLAUDE BINYON
Screenplay by EDMUND HARTMANN and HAL KANTER · A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

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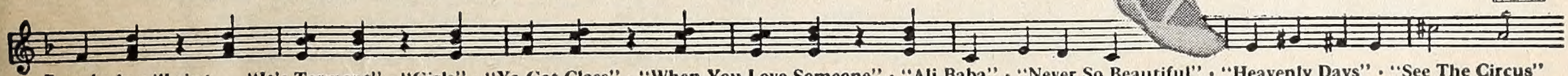
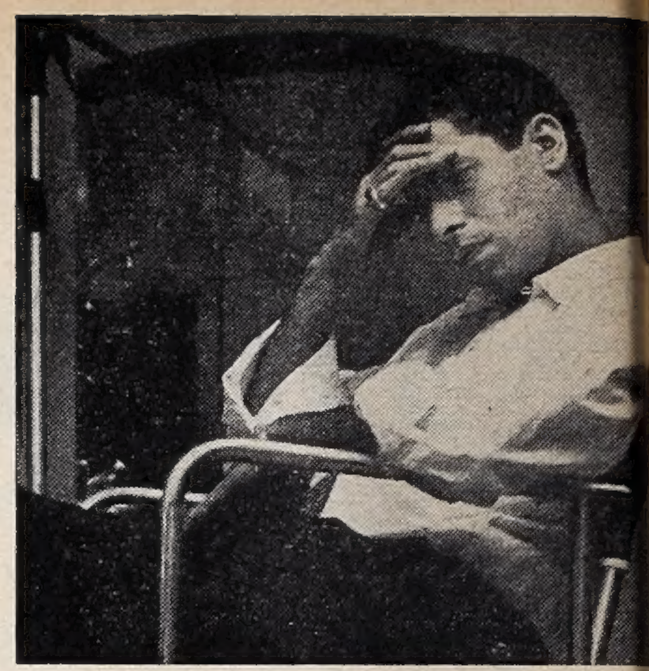


Everybody will sing . . . "It's Torment" • "Girls" • "Ya Got Class" • "When You Love Someone" • "Ali Baba" • "Never So Beautiful" • "Heavenly Days" • "See The Circus"

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

That's Hollywood For You

Sidney sees a big future for Mara Corday



Even sitting down, Jerry seems in a hurr

Debbie wasn't always extra-good at school

Gloria Grahame just adores the word, adore

I'D GIVE BIG ODDS that Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes won't celebrate a silver anniversary, but I can't find any takers . . . Joan Crawford must have a room filled with scrapbooks . . . Those actresses who are trying to be another Marilyn Monroe sound as if they had just run up a flight of stairs and can't catch their breath . . . Elaine Stewart is a smart cookie with plenty of S.A. This combo can't be beat . . . Rita Gam and Cyd Charisse who look like Ava Gardner don't appeal to Sinatra.

Hollywood is a place where you can have a helluva good time without enjoying yourself . . . I defy you to name me a better all-around actor than Richard Widmark, who can be hero or heavy in drama or comedy . . . Almost every actress looks sexy to me with rain on her face . . . Marie Wilson told me that she has a girl friend who's getting a divorce on the usual grounds—incapability . . . When a producer declared it was foolish to dress Jane Russell in a $1,500 gown, Tom Jenk said: "I disagree. If you own a Cadillac, you don't park it in a two-bit garage."

Piper Laurie curls up when she sleeps and often wakes up hugging her pillow . . . Remember way back when—all of a year ago—studios had clauses in contracts keeping the stars off TV? . . . I stood with Mara Corday at the PHOTOPLAY "Choose Your Stars" party and told her that she'd make the next list, despite the fact that up to then she'd never had her photo in a movie magazine . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor makes a career out of being female.

Mike Curtiz told Vera-Ellen that he has insomnia. "Sure it bothers me," said Mike, "but I don't lose any sleep over it." . . . I know and like Eleanor Parker, but have to admit that every time I meet her I'm embarrassed because I don't recognize her. Best I can do is realize she looks familiar . . . Gregory Peck didn't help Audrey Hepburn's sex appeal any by not making at least a mild pass at her in the bedroom scene in "Roman Holiday." I'd like to do a story on Betty Grable, always a favorite with me. I never saw a queen step down from a throne with so much class . . . Bob Wagner plays gin rummy as if his fan club were watching . . . Tip to Joe Pasternak: Have a recorder operating in your office when you have a session with Esther Williams and you'll get some great Esther Williams dialogue for a movie . . . There's nothing worse than the commercials on the late-late movie on TV . . . I prefer Stewart Granger to Farley Granger because he's the Granger who has the Simmons.

Beverly Hills is a place where all the houses are lovely, and with ample grounds for divorce . . . Lana Turner has put on weight, but on her it looks good . . . Of all the new actresses, I go the most for Pat Crowley. And I have plenty of company . . . Ida Lupino always looks as if she might explode any minute . . . I believe Henry Fonda should play "Mr. Roberts." Anyone else in the role, even Marlon Brando, will seem like an impostor.

Fernando Lamas sleeps in only the bottoms of his pajamas, preferring to show his manly chest whenever possible . . . When Janet Leigh met her cameraman at a party, she said to him, "You should be home getting some sleep. You've got to photograph me in the morning." . . . Gloria Grahame adores the word adore . . . No actress is less actressy off the screen than Jean Peters.

Every time Ann Blyth sings in person I realize she is one of my favorite singers. But then I forget it until the next time . . . Gregory Ratoff, during a discussion with Jeff Chandler: "I'll admit I'm wrong if you'll admit I'm right." . . I get the impression that Jane Powell and Gene Nelson are playing a scene together . . . I'm tired of watching kids with a hungry look. I'm ready for a movie with a kid who has a healthy American look, a la Coogan, Cooper and Rooney . . . Everyone on "Dragnet" talks like a telegram.

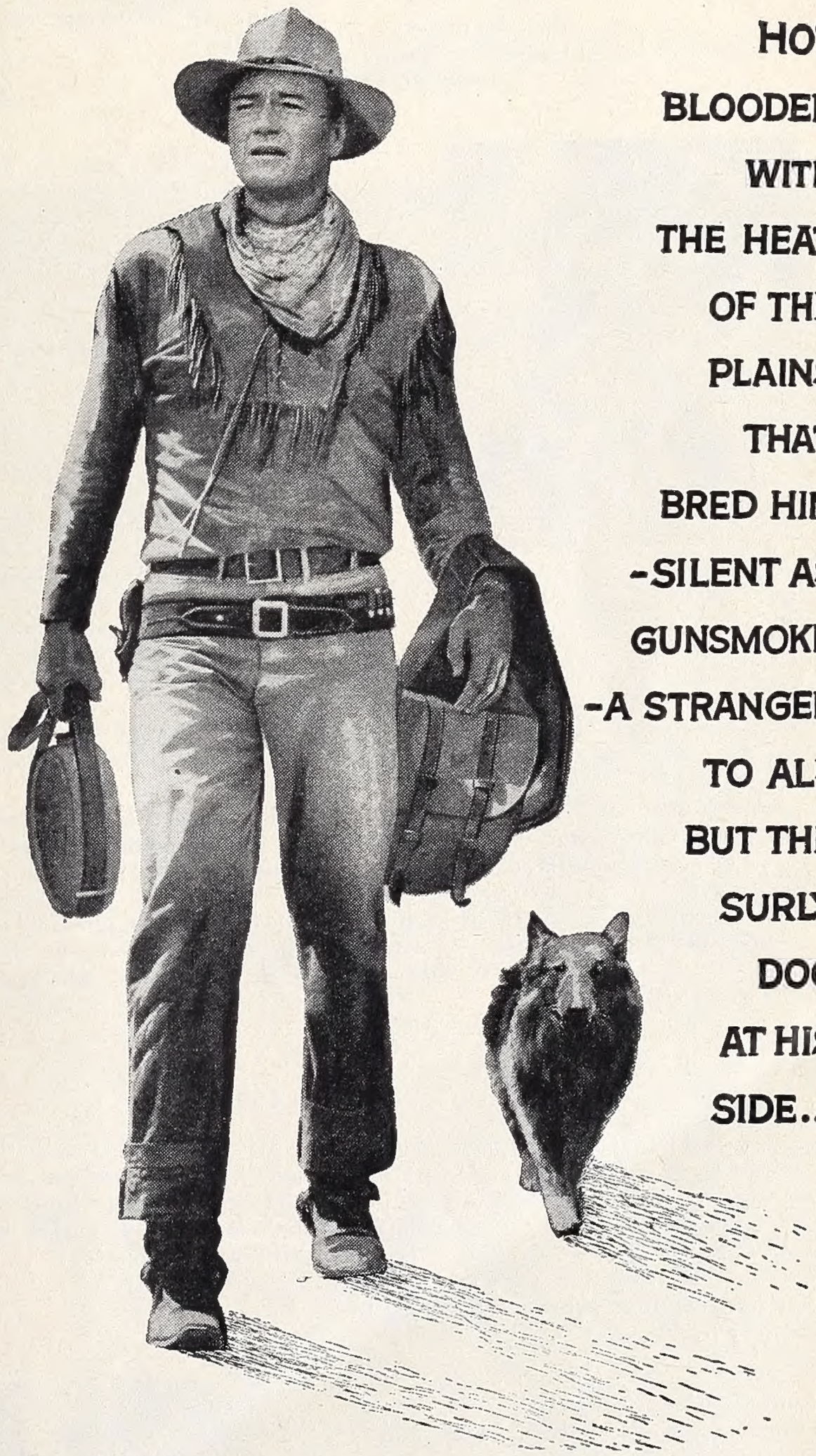
Shelley Winters can be as charming as any gal in Smogville . . . I can't see Gordon MacRae as Curly in "Oklahoma" . . . Hollywood is a place where success is like riding a bucking bronco. Even when you're up, where are you? . . . No one can play a Barbara Stanwyck role like Barbara Stanwyck . . . I've never stepped into a pair of footprints at Grauman's Chinese Theatre . . . Jerry Lewis appears in a hurry even when he's standing still . . . Terry Moore always takes—and holds—a deep breath before the photographer snaps her picture . . . Debbie Reynolds talking about her school days at M-G-M: "When I was bad, the teacher made me write, five hundred times, 'I don't deserve star billing.'" That's Hollywood!

JOHN WAYNE

...They called him

"Hondo"

First she was afraid he'd stay— then she was afraid he wouldn't...



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SOAP BOX:

. . . That Dale Robertson just makes me swoon, but he and all the other dreamboats in Hollywood had better watch out with Larry Parks coming back . . . Watch out, male stars . . .

PAT MULLINS
Camden, Arkansas

Larry Parks will soon be back!

Thank you so much for your invitation to the "Choose Your Stars" party. I am sorry to be so far away that I could not come . . . my thanks for the help you give to me and others like me who are making careers . . . in films.

I am just finishing "Mizar," my first film in Italy . . . a really interesting story about the only under-water espionage girl of the war . . . I have found many friends here from Hollywood. Farley Granger and I had fun in Rome and he is now shooting in Venice . . . and I spent Sunday at Kirk Douglas' lovely villa . . . Greetings from ancient Rome.

DAWN ADDAMS

. . . I regret that I could not attend the "Choose Your Stars" party . . . I am now an Ensign in the U. S. Naval Reserve . . . Your note saying that I had been chosen a winner was one of the biggest thrills of my life and I am deeply grateful to all who voted for me.

I plan to return to Paramount . . . when my tour of duty is finished. I would like to thank you and those who continue to write to me for making me feel that I have something to come back to . . .

PETER BALDWIN

. . . Sunday night's "Choose Your Stars" awards were handled beautifully. I find it difficult to express how I feel about winning the award, but perhaps the best way is to forget words and . . . continue to work hard . . . It is a nice feeling to know that I am one of the PHOTOPLAY family. Besides the honor, I am well aware of the importance . . . of being backed by such an honorable and well-thought of magazine . . . I should like to thank the fans who supported me and helped make me a winner . . .

KATHLEEN CROWLEY

In my opinion, Marilyn Monroe could improve her hairdo. It always looks so wirey and uncombed. Just to show you what I mean, just take a look at her picture in the November PHOTOPLAY . . . "Hollywood's Lost Ladies." She would look so cute in a nice *neat* hairdo. After all, everyone can be improved—even Marilyn!

CAROLYN OXFORD
Montgomery, Alabama

Yesterday I went to New York City to see Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" . . . John Gielgud as *Cassius* and Louis Calhern as *Caesar* are wonderful, but in my humble opinion, Marlon Brando took the whole film for himself with his fiery acting and very beautiful voice. He is a perfect *Marc Antony* . . . one of the finest artists to come out of Hollywood in a long, long time . . .

BETTY GETTLER
Oreland, Pennsylvania

. . . Having just read the letter that Norma Sullivan of Mariette, Michigan, wrote in your column, my buddies and I decided to answer her question. Upon taking a consensus in our company as to what the boys in Korea would like, we came up with the three most wanted articles: movie magazines (including PHOTOPLAY), cookies (homemade) and a whole lot more mail.

PFC. ROBERT MARSTERS
APO 86, c/o P.M. San Francisco, California

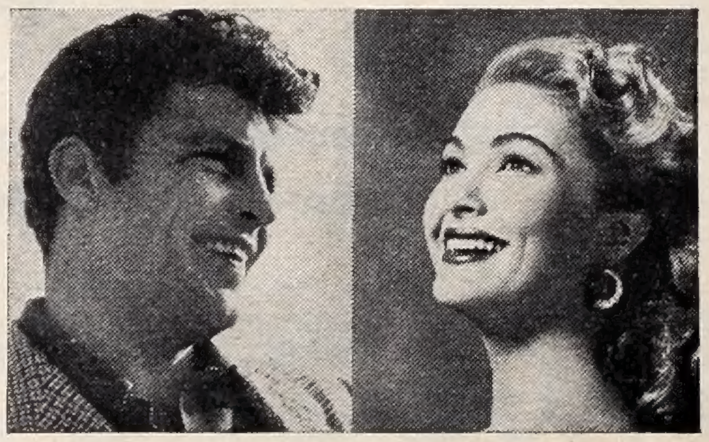
I've seen a lot of actors and actresses come and go from the days of Bill Hart, Francis X. Bushman, Beverly Bayne and Theda Bara, right on up to the present-day constellation. I've never seen a better picture than "From Here to Eternity." It rates an all-time Oscar for best cast, best acting, best story . . .

SALLY SCOTT
John Day, Oregon

CASTING:

My favorite actress is the beautiful Lori Nelson. . . . Why not star her in a young romantic picture with Dale Robertson, Rock Hudson or Tab Hunter? I've also heard she can dance. Why not let her try?

JANIE MCCALL
Kansas City, Kansas



A new team? Dale Robertson and Lori Nelson

I would like to see the movie, "The Human Comedy," remade. My ideas for casting are *Homer*, Bobbie Driscoll; *Mr. Spangler*, Scott Brady; *Bess*, Debbie Reynolds; *Marcus*, William Reynolds; *Tobey George*, Bob Wagner. I would also like to see Natalie Wood and Bobbie Driscoll in a picture together . . .

SHARON IRONS
New York, New York

Was very sorry to read of the death of Millard Mitchell . . . When you see a real actor in quite a few pictures, you feel you know him. We saw him last in "The Naked Spur."

I wish M-G-M would make "A Tale of Two Cities" with Stewart Granger . . .

MRS. VERNON CHAUNCEY
Screven, Georgia

QUESTION BOX:

Who were those dolls on the Olympic team with Jane Russell in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"?

AGNES MILLARD
Wichita, Kansas

They were (l. to r.) Herman Boden, Jaime Russell (no relation to Jane), Ron Nyman and Marc Wilder.—ED.

The crowd all think Jane Russell's great!

Could you please tell me who played the young officer who was worried about . . . the possibility of meeting two separate icebergs in "Titanic"? Has he played in any other movies?

HELEN PARVEY
Rock Lake, North Dakota

That's Britisher Edmund Purdom. He's also in "Julius Caesar" and you'll be seeing him soon as "The Student Prince."—ED.

Ricardo Montalban is the most gorgeous hunk of man that I ever saw . . . What is his real name? Where can I get an autographed picture? . . .

LOIS BARTLETT
Ottawa, Ontario

That's his real name. Write him care of Columbia, Hollywood.—ED.

(Continued on page 11)

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SMOOTH,
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Extra-large sizes, slightly higher.

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. . . I know Bob Wagner uses his real name for movies, but could you tell me Tab Hunter's real name? . . .

CAROL FROST
Jackson Heights, New York

Art Gelien.—ED.

I have just seen "Stalag 17" . . . who played *Price* and *Peterson* (*Blondie*)?

MARY OLIVER
Montgomery, Alabama

Peter Graves was Price *and Robert Shawley was* Blondie.*—ED.*

Robert Shawley and Peter Graves as prisoners

. . . In the film "Scared Stiff" starring Martin and Lewis, was that the original Carmen Miranda of the older films . . . ?

MRS. MILDRED LA BARRE
Toronto, Canada

The very one.—ED.

I saw a show not very long ago with Robert Horton, Barbara Ruick, and I think Julia Adams . . . please tell me its name, also if Robert Horton and Barbara Ruick are married . . .

MARCELLA L. VIGA
Richland, Kansas

It was M-G-M's "Apache War Smoke," only it wasn't Julia, it was Patricia Tiernan. Bob and Barbara were married on August 18.—ED.

. . . Would you please give me some information . . . on Richard Kiley who played *Coke* in "Eight Iron Men."

FRAN BURKE
Martin, Texas

Born in Chicago in March, '22. He has brown eyes, brown hair, a wife and two children. Spent last season on Broadway.—ED.

I saw "Room For One More" and have just recently seen "Monkey Business." What I enjoyed most about them was little George Winslow . . . If he is in any more shows other than these I have mentioned, please tell me. Also where can I write to him . . .?

SUE TORREY
Grinnell, Kansas

You can see him now in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and in "Mr. Scoutmaster." Write him c/o Twentieth Century-Fox.—ED.

I'm inquiring about obtaining the address of Rick Jason. He is not only very good-looking, but his acting is tops . . .

YVONNE BAGGETT
Kilgore, Texas

A lot of PHOTOPLAY *readers share your enthusiasm, as proved by "Choose Your Stars." Write him c/o Columbia, Hollywood.—ED.*

I had an argument . . . about the little boy who played in "Shane" as Van Heflin's son. Could you please tell me if he is Alan Ladd's son . . . I say he isn't.

ROSEMARIE GANSKIE
Schulenburg, Texas

He's Mr. De Wilde's son Brandon.—ED.

Gee, but it's Great !!!

WALKING MY BABY BACK HOME

hear!
"WALKING MY BABY BACK HOME"
"HONEYSUCKLE ROSE"
"THE GLOW WORM"
"MUSKRAT RAMBLE"
"SOUTH RAMPART STREET PARADE"

COLOR BY Technicolor

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and that BIG man of laughter
Buddy Hackett
with LORI NELSON • SCAT MAN CROTHERS
Plus famed singing stars
THE MODERNAIRES • THE SPORTSMEN

Universal International

DIRECTED BY LLOYD BACON • SCREENPLAY BY DON McGUIRE AND OSCAR BRODNEY • CO-PRODUCER LEONARD GOLDSTEIN • PRODUCED BY TED RICHMOND

A Universal-International Picture

Hollywood Whispers

BY FLORABEL MUIR

WILL JOHN WAYNE FIND his career suffering as a result of the sensational divorce trial in which Mrs. Chata Wayne told the world her version of life with John? Will John's public believe his side of those domestic wranglings which went on almost from the time he and the Mexican actress were married? Judging from the attitude of those in the courtroom, Wayne lost none of his popularity while Esperanza was relating her story on the stand. When John testified that he never had struck her, the women in the crowd smiled their approval. The quick granting of the divorce pleased John, because he'd been afraid his children would be hurt by the proceedings.

•

Mickey Rooney's financial affairs are so tangled Hollywood wonders how he'll ever manage to get free of debt, what with the alimony he has to pay two ex-wives and the income tax Uncle Sam collects from the Mick every year. When Martha Vickers tried to have Mickey jailed for contempt because he failed to meet alimony payments, the judge ruled that the pint-sized comedian was doing the best he could. Mickey is in the same boat as several other well-known stars who can't get solvent in these days of high income taxes. Dick Haymes is in that plight too. No matter how much he earns, it will take Dick years to pay off Uncle Sam.

•

Kathryn Grayson and her ex-husband, Johnny Johnston, are singing duets together again—recording the "Kiss Me Kate" numbers for RCA Victor. Kathie's doctor ordered a complete rest, but she interrupted her out-of-town siesta to meet Johnny for their singing stint. When they first separated, there was much bitterness between them, but that seems over now. Speaking of rests, Jane Withers is feeling better, seems reconciled to a divorce from Bill Moss, and plans to renew her career.

How will the Wayne divorce testimony affect John?

What has happened to the Ray Milland marriage after all these years? His is the second marital break-up involving personalities on his new TV show, "Meet Mr. McNutley." Phyllis Avery, Ray's wife on the show, is bidding goodbye to Don Taylor. Don told friends he wanted Phyllis to stay home and be a wife and mother.

Maureen O'Hara has never been known as a girl to be rushed into anything

IMPERTINENT INTERVIEW

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

"SINCE YOU'RE A CATHOLIC," I said to Maureen O'Hara, "how can the stories be true that you will remarry after your divorce from Will Price is final? Doesn't the Church forbid that?"

"You've heard of dispensations, haven't you?" she asked. "Well, I am now in the process of having the matter of my separation and divorce brought before Church authorities, and it may be that I will receive a dispensation to marry again. But it'll be a long, long time, if ever. And then, if and when the dispensation does come, who knows? I'll probably say, 'It seems like only yesterday that I asked for it!' and forget all about getting married again!

"In the meantime," she said, "I'm not supposed to discuss it with anyone, so I'll not have another word to say on that subject!" Her twinkling eyes were serious now so I knew she meant what she was saying. I asked no more about the divorce but tucked her remarks away in my head.

But do Maureen and marriage agree? Maybe she's not a gal to be wed.

"Any woman would be telling a lie if she said she didn't want to be married and have a man of her own and children, lots of children," said Maureen. "What was it we used to say in school about love?—'Love is a thing shaped like a quiver, runs through the heart and tickles the liver.' That's a flippant, cynical way of putting it, isn't it, because love *is* wonderful and it *does* make the world go 'round and all that —but it isn't *everything* in life, not by a long shot! God and religion are the most important; married love is secondary. But it's natural, and therefore Godly for a man and a woman to be together."

Maureen has never been known to be rushed into anything. "It reminds me of the time we were making 'The Quiet Man' in Ireland. John Ford, the director, became ill and John Wayne took over. Well, Duke Wayne isn't exactly a model of patience, and one day he yelled at one of the members of the Irish camera crew to get a move on. The old duffer at whom Duke was yelling said, 'Son, God made time and He made plenty of it!'

"Moral being," said Erin's Maureen, "don't rush things."

Mrs. Dorian Mehle of Morrisville, Pa., is all three: a housewife, a mother, and a very lovely lady.

"I wash 22,000 dishes a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

You and Dorian Mehle have something in common. Every year, you wash a stack of dishes a quarter-mile high!

Detergents make your job so much easier. They cut right into grease and grime. They get you through dishwashing in much less time, but while they dissolve grease, they also take away the natural oils and youthful softness of your hands!

Although Dorian hasn't given up detergents her hands are as soft, as smooth, as young-looking as a teenager's. Her secret is no secret at all. It's the world's best-known beauty routine. It's pure, white Jergens Lotion, after every chore.

When you smooth on Jergens Lotion, this liquid formula doesn't just "coat" your hands. It penetrates right away, to help *replace* that softening moisture your skin needs.

Jergens Lotion has two ingredients doctors recommend for softening. Women must be recommending it, too, for more women use it than any other hand care in the world. Dorian's husband is the best testimonial to Jergens Lotion care. Even after years of married life, he still loves to hold her pretty hands!

Use Jergens Lotion like a prescription: three times a day, after every meal!

Now—lotion dispenser FREE of extra cost with $1.00 size. Supply limited.

Use JERGENS LOTION—avoid detergent hands

For brief reviews of current pictures see page 90
For complete casts of new pictures see page 71

LET'S GO TO

Frills become a gal better than a gun-belt does, Allyn proves to Doris

CALAMITY JANE — WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

The pioneers, if miraculously revived, would never recognize the old West where Doris Day romps. But chances are they'd enjoy her picture's high good humor and rollicking songs as much as their descendants do. Doris' portrayal of the half-legendary Calamity is broad as a barn door, a lively sketch of a gun-toting tomboy whose feminine heart languishes for a handsome Army lieutenant (Philip Carey). Of course, no fan will be fooled by Doris' feuding friendship with Howard Keel (as Wild Bill Hickok), who thinks *he* loves Allyn McLerie. Allyn's pert and cute in the role of a young hopeful who comes to Deadwood City masquerading as a famous stage star. The story is shamelessly reminiscent of "Annie, Get Your Gun," but the picture is lighter and fresher than "Annie," though the score—ballads and novelty numbers—doesn't measure up.

Verdict: Disarming, frivolous Western musical (Family)

Maid Ann Codee is on mistress Kathryn's side against ex-husband Howard

KISS ME, KATE — M-G-M: ANSCOCOLOR, 3-D

Bubbling over with popular hits, the long-run Broadway musical comes to the screen to pour out an extra measure of enchanting "show tunes" that may not be so familiar. Except for one introductory scene, it's set in a theatre where Howard Keel and Kathryn Grayson, a divorced couple, are co-starring in a musical version of "The Taming of the Shrew." Keel's in his best voice and looks magnificent in the costumes of *Petruchio,* though his acting, like Kathryn's, is on the stiff-jointed side. Another pair of "So in Love" sparring partners are dancers Tommy Rall and Ann Miller (who comes across with notable verve). Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore score as hilariously genteel thugs. Like other 3-D films of the month, this is also being shown in a 2-D version. If you're seeing it in 3-D, better take a catcher's mask; lots of objects get thrown at you.

Verdict: Lush, song-stuffed, spectacular (Family)

Bob's no star, but merely bait for a killer on the loose, Rosie warns

HERE COME THE GIRLS — PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR

Another of Bob Hope's easygoing japes casts him in a typical role, as a braggart and coward who gets shoved into the spotlight and into mortal danger. On the turn-of-the-century musical-comedy stage, he's "the world's oldest chorus boy," still yearning for his big chance, though he has a fine talent for ruining production numbers. His chance comes in odd circumstances. A mad killer (Robert Strauss, playing it deadpan) loves Arlene Dahl, luscious star of Bob's show, and is out to murder any rival. Arlene's real sweetheart is co-star Tony Martin, but she doesn't want him to play decoy in the hunt for the maniac. In happy innocence, Hope's shunted into Arlene's arms and a starring role, while the cops wait for "The Slasher" to come after him. Rosemary Clooney's almost wasted as the sweet chorine who loves Bob, but shows sparkle and sex.

Verdict: Light blend of giggles, suspense, music (Family)

THE MOVIES

with Janet Graves

BERT AND SULLIVAN LOPERT, TECHNICOLOR

initely, this is a musical month. Even the English get the act, with a captivating caper about the lyricist-nposer team that was the Rodgers and Hammerstein of last century. Always a first-rate actor, Maurice Evans ls a new warmth to play Arthur Sullivan, wooed from ssical music by the happy chance of his meeting with S. Gilbert. Robert Morley's a cheery, portly Gilbert, livan's devoted friend and partner until the inevitable alry arises: Which is more important—tune or words? e D'Oyly Carte Company presents snatches from almost of the famous comic operettas, woven deftly into the rative. Peter Finch is seen as the original Mr. D'Oyly rte, Eileen Herlie as his wife, Dinah Sheridan as a snob-h sweetheart of Gilbert's. Exquisitely soft color does dit to Victorian interiors and the mellow London scene.

rdict: Gay, wistful, rich in harmony (Family)

Best Acting: Maurice Evans
Best Direction: Sidney Gilliat

Bound for New York, Robert Morley and Maurice Evans tout their new show

ALKING MY BABY BACK HOME U-I, TECHNICOLOR

loved oldies like the title song enliven this off-handed sical teaming Donald O'Connor and Janet Leigh. These , along with plump comic Buddy Hackett, meet as mem-s of an all-Army combo that winds up its service en-taining in a hospital ward. Don wants to set up a civilian nd, but ex-Wac Janet walks out on him to join a minstrel w, because she wants to avoid romantic entanglements h a boy whose wealthy family is socially far above hers. iritually wedded to jazz, Don's on the spot; his family sumes he'll be an opera star, and in order to claim half-million-buck inheritance he must . . . Well, that's ough of that. The story's not the thing in this film. xieland classics, Don's expert dancing and Janet's quant charm make the movie entertaining. Lori Nelson d pianist Scat Man Crothers are sympathetic.

rdict: Nice jazz, nice people (Family)

Donald and Janet make a happy dance team in a record-store jam session

TANY BAY PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR

an Ladd's voyage to Australia on a convict ship has its ments of excitement, but the picture as a whole won't ke anybody forget "Mutiny on the Bounty." Alan's an nerican sentenced to the 18th Century penal colony by English court for highway robbery. Actually, he was ing to recover his own money. As the ship's captain-ner, James Mason has a confusing role, at first gentle-nly if stern, then increasingly sadistic, so that the plot ns into a catalogue of atrocities. Patricia Medina's in similar fix, at first an opportunistic wench courting the ptain's favor to get special privileges, then unexpectedly tuous, urging Alan to settle down in the new pioneer untry, instead of escaping to America. There's a satis-ctory flare of action at the finish, in Australia (a locale ggested only by one kangaroo and two koala bears).

rdict: Seagoing adventure yarn (Family)

More reviews on next page

On a grueling trip, Patricia tries to shield Alan from James' brutality

SAD SUE!

PERIODIC PAIN

Midol brings faster relief from menstrual suffering—because it acts three ways. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases "blues." Sue now takes Midol at the first twinge of menstrual pain or distress.

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know," explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. B-14, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

GLAD SUE FOUND OUT ABOUT MIDOL

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GUN FURY
(COLUMBIA; 3-D, TECHNICOLOR)

Rock Hudson looks imposing as that familiar action-movie hero, the peaceable man forced into ways of violence. Rock plays a Civil War vet settled in the West, waiting for his fiancée (Donna Reed). On the way to join him, she's kidnapped by a half-mad bandit, a former Southern gentleman. In this role, Philip Carey has to slow the action too much by philosophizing about his motives. Melodrama fans are usually willing to grant, for movie purposes, that some guys are just naturally ornery. As always, the backgrounds are an asset, and Roberta Haynes is decorative as Carey's scorned Mexican sweetheart.

Verdict: Okay outdoor thriller in fine 3-D (if your theatre uses it) (Family)

ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT
(M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR)

Glamour stars Robert Taylor, Ann Blyth and Stewart Granger in a saga of New England's brave old whaling days promise a generous measure of movie excitement. The promise isn't kept. New Bedford brides, as Ann does, once sailed with their captain husbands on two- or three-year trips around the Horn to the South Seas. But Ann and Bob are cooped up in narrow shipboard sets, looking out toward studio-tank splashes that won't fool anybody who ever saw a real ocean wave. A cowboy hero in even the cheapest Western isn't so confined. We do get outdoors when Bob finds Stewart, his renegade brother, on a Pacific island, recalling a romance with native girl Betta St. John. Since Stewart's an old beau of Ann's, fireworks threaten.

Verdict: Sea saga with handsome stars, but few thrills (Family)

THE GLASS WEB
(U-I, 3-D)

Against the realistically captured atmosphere of a TV studio, John Forsythe and Edward G. Robinson lead a highly efficient cast in an excellent mystery. As a gold-digging, blackmailing actress who is just asking to be murdered, Kathleen Hughes has her first important role, and does it with plenty of sock. Writer Forsythe and researcher Robinson, both secretly involved with Kathleen, work on a TV dramatization of the murder case. The identity of the killer's obvious, but the suspense tightens up steadily. While the movie will be satisfying if you see it in 2-D, the 3-D is used discreetly—to strong dramatic effect in one scene. Marcia Henderson's likable as Forsythe's wife.

Verdict: Smoothly written murder story with unusual twists (Adult)

TUMBLEWEED
(U-I, TECHNICOLOR)

Audie Murphy's at ease in a crisp, pleasing horse opera that appropriately co-stars a horse—the Tumbleweed of the title, a boneyard nag which demonstrates unexpected skill and valor. As scout for a wagon train, Audie leaves to attem a peace talk with attacking Indians. H efforts failing, he's called coward (pr posterous notion!) and almost lynche On the lam, he seeks the white man wh betrayed the pioneers. Lori Nelson mak an appealing heroine, and Chill Wil is a stalwart sheriff.

Verdict: Bright, efficient Western wit splendid scenery (Family

APPOINTMENT IN HONDURAS
(RKO, TECHNICOLOR)

Jungle wild life joins with moody Glen Ford and sultry Ann Sheridan to boo a standard action yarn. Around 191 Glenn is a gun-runner smuggling mone for needed arms to a Central America patriot ousted by a dictator. Ann an Zachary Scott (in a familiar weakling husband role) are fellow passengers o Glenn's ship, taken as hostages on hi getaway and his thrust into Hondura Also in the party are a group of ruffian political prisoners who believe Glenn' lie that their landfall is a country wher they aren't wanted men. Experienced fan will foresee what action lurks beyond eac turn of the jungle river.

Verdict: Some exciting scenes in a rou tine melodrama (Family

SHARK RIVER
(U. A., VIVID COLOR)

The lovely, dreaming vistas of Florida' swamplands exert a spell over this un assuming movie, slowing its pace. It's th old, familiar good-brother-vs.-bad-brothe story. Steve Cochran's stuck with the rol of the honest, too-forbearing farmer wh helps his no-good younger brother (War ren Stevens) to flee the law, into th depth of the swamp. Coping with snakes alligators and hostile Seminoles, the come upon the isolated homestead of courageous Civil War widow (Carol Mathews), who supports herself, her lit tle son and her mother-in-law by fur trapping. At its leisure, the plot moves t a bloody climax.

Verdict: Mild action taking place in beautiful locale (Family

FLIGHT TO TANGIER
(PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR)

With an intriguing air of mystery, thi thriller shows us several oddly assorte persons waiting to meet a plane at th Tangier airport: Joan Fontaine, an Ameri can reporter; Jack Palance, a flyer wit few scruples; Robert Douglas, a black marketeer; Corinne Calvet, his "partner." But the confusion gets worse and worse a the movie goes on. At the finish, everybod discloses hidden motives or identities without clearing up the situation (excep by killing off most of the characters). I you don't try to figure out what's going on you may find the action exciting. Southern California doubles convincingly for Nort Africa, since the landscapes *are* similar.

Verdict: Muddled chase film (Family)

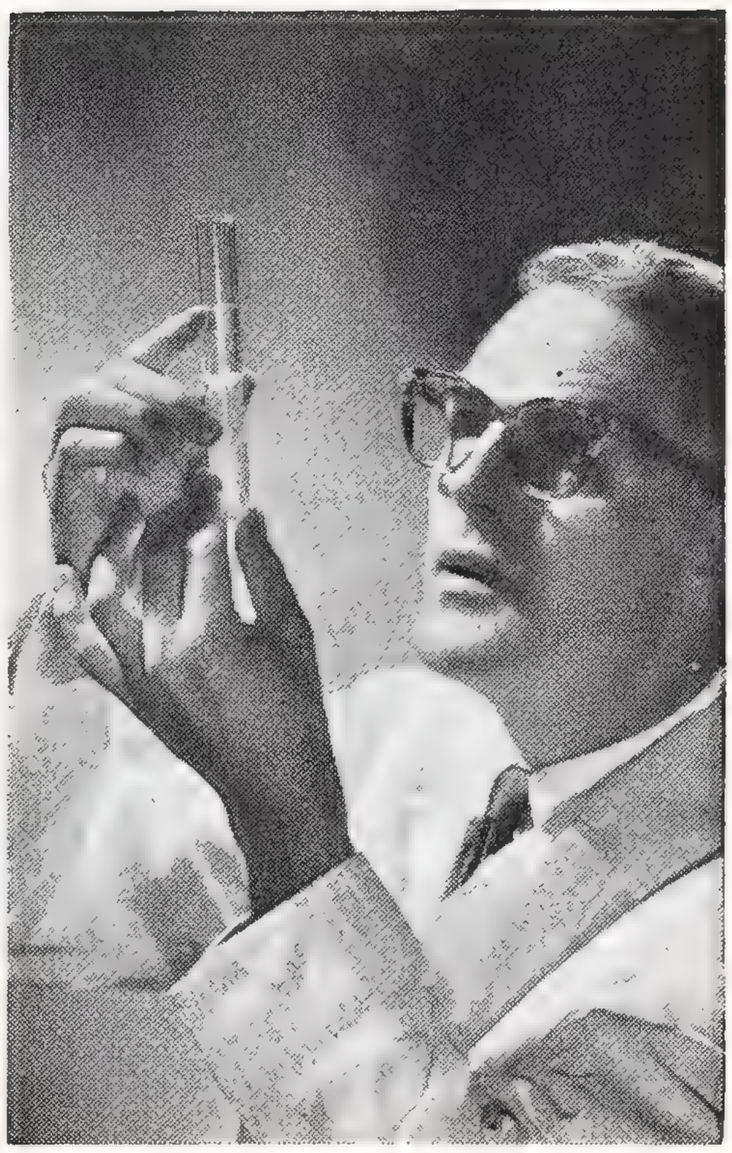
More reviews on page 75

ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF

that brings new hope to millions for

Lifetime Protection Against Tooth Decay!

Actual use by hundreds of people has proved the long-lasting protection of New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol*! Tests supervised by leading dental authorities — for a full year — proved this protection won't rinse off, won't wear off! Proved just daily morning and night use guards against decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!

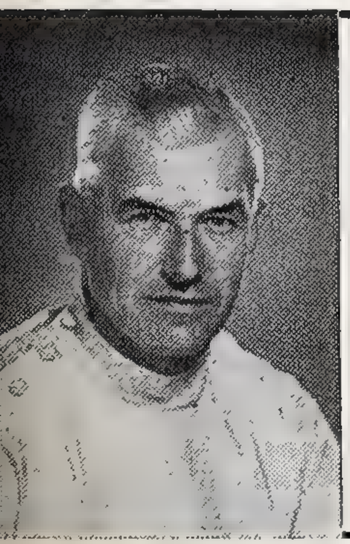


Now you can get *New* Colgate Dental Cream—the *only* toothpaste with clinical proof of *long-lasting* protection against decay-causing enzymes! The only toothpaste in the world with amazing new miracle ingredient, Gardol!

LABORATORY EXAMINATIONS of hundreds of people have proved that New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol acts *immediately* to prevent the formation of tooth-decay enzymes—gives you the *most complete long-lasting protection* against tooth decay ever reported. Because Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day, just ordinary daily use—morning and night—guards against tooth decay *every minute* of the day and night!

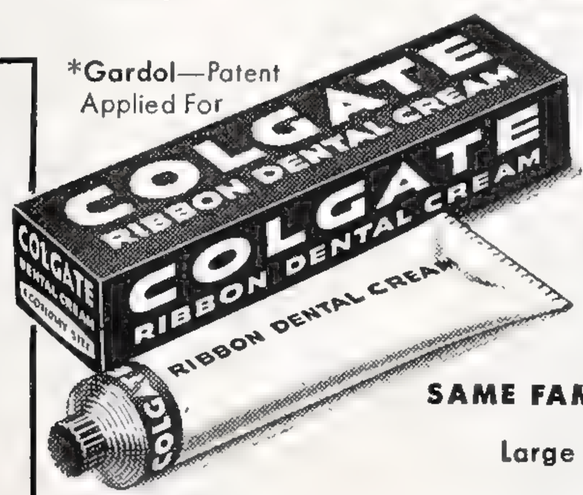
CLINICAL TESTS on hundreds of people were conducted for a full year under the supervision of some of the country's leading dental authorities. Results showed the greatest reduction in tooth decay in toothpaste history—proved that most people should now have far fewer cavities than ever before! And similar clinical tests are continuing —to *further* verify these amazing results!

Yes, clinical and laboratory tests both prove it! Millions, who use New Colgate Dental Cream *regularly* and *exclusively*, can now look forward to a *lifetime* of freedom from tooth decay!



A JURY OF DISTINGUISHED DENTISTS HAS EXAMINED THE EVIDENCE! Documented facts, recently published in an authoritative dental journal, have convinced these dentists that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is far more effective against decay-causing enzymes than any other toothpaste. And because Gardol is the *only* long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient with clinical proof, these dental authorities agree that New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste.

*Gardol—Patent Applied For



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CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

FOR LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY

"MISS SADIE THOMPSON"

Aldo Ray, as Marine Sergeant Phil O'Hara, offers to take Rita away from it all

Rita arrives on the woman-starved island

All hands on deck—when she swings into action!

José says that he's anti-temptation, but he can't resist the lady's sultry charms

WHEN RITA HAYWORTH comes swinging and singing onto the screen as *Miss Sadie Thompson* in Columbia's re-make of the classic Somerset Maugham story, "Rain," the shady lady of the south seas will pack a wallop like she never packed before.

Though the role of *Sadie* has been played, on stage and on screen, by many of the theatre's greats, Rita brings the part a flamboyant extra something. And her dazzle is given added punch by the fact that the film was shot in 3-D Technicolor in Hawaii.

José Ferrer, as *Alfred Davidson,* the frustrated reformer who is driven to his death by the lady's unsubtle charms, and Aldo Ray, as the Marine Sergeant w offers her a chance to be respectable, ser as brilliant foils for Rita and as exciti contrasts to each other.

In the film, as in the original Maugha story, the rain—pounding, incessant, ma dening—plays a vital part in the develo ment of plot and personality and sets t terrible mood of the tropics, slashing om ously through the swaying palm trees, be ing down constantly on the rooftops, ha mering into the souls of the islande

For Rita, the role offers the widest dı matic range of her entire career. And sh never been more sensational!

Shampoo this diamond sparkle into your hair with new DIAL SHAMPOO

No other shampoo gives this glorious Dial beauty —yet leaves your hair so easy to manage!

Only Dial Shampoo gives this complete cleanliness because only Dial contains Hexachlorophene

You get a *complete cleanliness* with new Dial Shampoo that you've never been able to get with ordinary shampoos. Because Dial Shampoo contains a new freshening agent, Hexachlorophene, that gives your hair clean-smelling freshness.

And your hair is so *clean* after a Dial Shampoo it has a diamond sparkle!

You'll like the unbreakable squeeze bottle, too—it's so easy to use.

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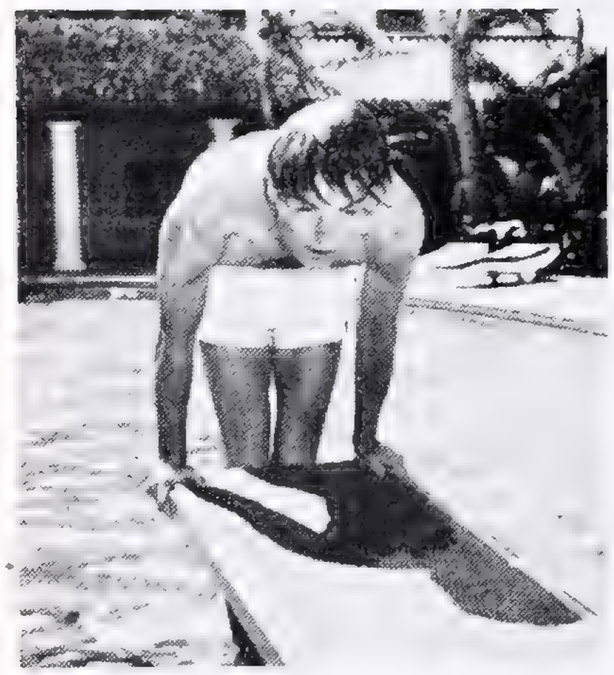
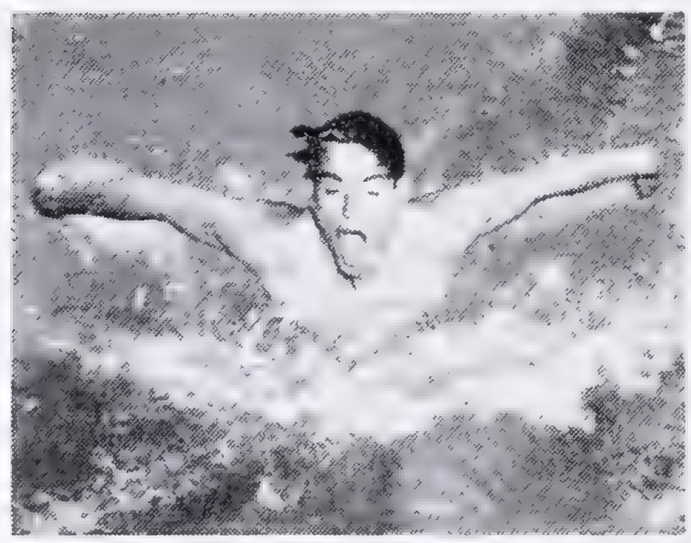
You see dazzling results after a Dial Shampoo—the natural brilliance of your hair comes shining through because it's so clean. Wouldn't it be exciting to shampoo a diamond sparkle into your hair?

Working or playing, R. J. Wagner does what he does the hard way!





Bob attracts danger like a magnet draws steel. But is he worried? Not on his life!

BRING HIM BACK ALIVE

By BEVERLY OTT

When Bob Wagner's star first began to rise in Hollywood, the inevitable questions were asked: Can he cope with sudden fame? Will his hat size grow larger with each role? How soon will he "know it all"? How long before temperament begins to set in?

The wrong answers spell trouble, headaches, and ulcers. But, everyone was betting on Bob for the right answers. Mingling with Hollywood greats wouldn't change him. He'd grown up among some of the greatest. Sudden wealth couldn't go to his head. His family had always been well-to-do. And, most important, he understood that becoming—and remaining—a star involved hard work. An eager-beaver and perfectionist, he'd have no time for temperament. But no one realized that, being an eager-beaver and perfectionist, Bob Wagner goes almost everywhere the hard way.

Not long ago, for instance, Bob headed for Lake Arrowhead with a group of friends. Object: to perfect his skill at water skiing. He and one of his chums were skiing double when Bob took a tumble. His buddy whizzed by and his ski connected with Bob's ear. Bob managed a faint cry for help before he found himself sinking.

Hauled out and revived, he ignored his aching ear and climbed back on skis. But, that evening while driving his friends down the mountain, he began to feel dizzy, pulled over to the side of the road and blacked out. He spent the next four weeks in the hospital having his eardrum repaired.

It was during this period that shadows fell upon the group of smiling faces at Twentieth, for this was the first inkling of the fact that Fox had a brand new problem—keeping its newest star in one handsome piece.

By the time he was up and around again, fall had set in and R. J. went out and bought several hundred dollars' worth of snow-ski equipment. He brought it all back to the studio to show to a friend; but that turned out to be a mistake, for he ran smack into an executive who expressed profound interest. "That's pretty nice stuff," the man said pleasantly. Then he added, "And so help me, if we ever catch you using it, that's all, brother!"

When Bob began to talk in tender tones of the new M.G. he was saving to buy, studio heads relaxed a little. "This is safe," they thought, "he's an excellent driver and a cautious one." But they didn't realize that with Bob in a car, gremlins move in.

The day after he acquired his new M.G., Bob found a crowd of co-workers admiring it. His producer was giving it a very thorough once-over. "They sold you an M.G. with a dented fender?" he asked suspiciously.

Bob explained his good fortune in having an M.G. with only a mere fender

dent. That morning, he'd been breezing along happily when a car turned into the wrong lane and headed straight for him. To avoid a head-on collision, Bob turned the wheel sharply. But rain and slippery pavements were against him. The M.G. slid toward a truck, which Bob avoided. But his car hurdled the curb and stopped against a sturdy fencepost.

When he finally reached the studio, the hub cap fell off and rolled away. He stopped the car, replaced the cap and climbed back into the seat. As luck would have it, director Jean Negulesco happened to be rounding the corner, and Bob pulled out directly in front of him. Negulesco, who jammed on his brakes, was pretty well shaken—and let it be known.

"Yeah," said Bob, "but don't you think the M.G.'s a beauty? I'll bet it would really travel at Muroc!"

"Muroc?" the director repeated.

"You know—the dry lake. Used to race up there."

"I know the dry lake," said the gentleman, paling. "But what I want to know is do you still go in for racing?"

"That was when I was sixteen." Bob hastened to explain. "Had a souped up job that went to a hundred-and-nineteen." At this, the man crept away into the sunset, wishing the horse and buggy had never been supplanted.

However, adventures such as these never bother Wagner. It's an old story to him. As he tells it, he was a healthy, happy baby who had an occasional tendency to tumble out of his high chair, which is not so unusual for any baby.

But his friends have another version. They're willing to bet that, as an infant, R. J. never actually fell from that high chair. They vow that he was attempting to execute a perfect leap. And they're convinced that he kept at it until he landed on his feet, even if he had to pause periodically and wait for his anklebones to knit.

The fact that Bob's an expert horseman is no accident. It's a series of them. As a youngster, his family sent him to a camp in northern Michigan. Bob developed a fondness for horses, but the horses didn't return his affection and kept throwing him. He was battered and bruised, but determined. So he spent the entire days on—and off—the horses and he wound up on top.

Bob has won a good many prizes for taking dives—into swimming pools. But not before he'd chipped a mouthful of teeth on the valves of the inner-tubes he insisted upon diving through for practice.

When time came for young Wagner to give serious thought to a career, he thought first of acting. But he did trek to Pittsburgh to consider the possibility of going into his father's business, the steel industry. Instead, he nearly went (*Continued on page* 69)

RITA HAYWORTH says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." In fact, in a mere two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women—beauties like Rita Hayworth—use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be *your* choice above all others, too?

For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World

4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Glamour-made-easy! Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme "shines" as it cleans; leaves hair soft and fragrant, free of loose dandruff. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with *Natural Lanolin*. It does not dry or dull your hair!

Makes hair eager to curl! Now you *can* "do things" with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage; tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen.

NOW in new LOTION FORM or famous CREAM FORM!

Pour it on . . . or cream it on! . . . Either way, have hair that shines like the stars! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in famous Cream Form—27¢ to $2, in jars or tubes. In new Lotion Form—30¢ to $1.

THERE'S COLD CREAM NOW IN CAMAY

Your skin will love it!

Wonderful new Camay with cold cream for complexion and bath!

Here's the happiest beauty news that ever came your way! Now Camay contains cold cream. And Camay is the *only* leading beauty soap to bring you this added luxury.

For your beauty and your bath—new Camay with cold cream is more delightful than ever. And whether your skin is dry or oily, new Camay will leave it feeling beautifully cleansed, marvelously refreshed.

Of course, you still get everything that's made Camay famous . . . the softer complexion that's yours when you change to regular care and Camay, that foam-rich Camay lather, skin-pampering Camay mildness and delicate Camay fragrance.

LOOK FOR NEW CAMAY IN THE SAME FAMILIAR WRAPPER.
It's at your store now—yours at no extra cost.
There is no finer beauty soap in all the world!

NOW MORE THAN EVER . . . THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO DORIS?

● An inkling that all was not well with Doris Day first leaked out when vague items began appearing in the columns that work on her next film; "Lucky Me," was being delayed. Then came official word that her picture was postponed indefinitely. And Doris went into the hospital for the removal of a cyst. A minor operation, it's true—but the Doris who returned to her home was different. The old happy glow had gone. And according to her closest friends, still has not returned. What is the trouble? Always, outwardly, Doris sparkled, was happy in her home and her career. She was pointed out as the exception to the sad rule that fame has its price. It is impossible to believe this was a pose. It may be that she was working too hard —that Doris' popularity and the demand for her in pictures, the constant draining of her time and energies, have brought her to the breaking point. Certainly, "Calamity Jane," her biggest picture to date, took a great deal out of her. We do not know how serious her illness is. It may just be she needs a holiday. If that is the case, all her friends and fans hope she will follow the doctor's orders. And that it will not be long before there's a healthy, happy Day again.

INSIDE STUFF

Blackwell

Mother, may I go out to swim? Debra Paget has one of lead roles in "Prince Valiant"

Color candids by Stern

For newlyweds Rita and Dick, more problems—he's singing those income-tax blues

Man Power: Studio headaches have nothing on those of a Hollywood hostess. Every time an unattached glamour girl receives a party invitation, she requests: "Can't you arrange for Jeff Chandler to call for me?" According to Rocky Cooper, who is the town's top social leader, Jeff's *the* most eligible escort—and he couldn't be less impressed!

Ripe Dates: Scott Brady and Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes who like to hit the night spots, finally got around to hitting them together . . . But Terry Moore, who was so thrilled when Rock Hudson invited her to "The Robe" premiere—got stood up! At the last moment his studio sent him to the

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Rough riding—but Debbie Reynolds loved it as one of star acts at the Sheriff's Rodeo

Our "Choose Your Star" winner, Dick Allan, with starlet Gloria Gordon

Who's the girl? Pilar Palette, of course, at party John Wayne hosted

Audrey Hepburn at "Roman Holiday" preem with Irving Berlin, Don Hartman

"Magnificent Obsession" location at Lake Arrowhead . . . Bob Wagner and Mona Freeman, rumored to have romantic interests elsewhere, made their first public appearance together at this same premiere. Yes, both have the same press agent! . . . Tab Hunter and Jeff Selznick (son of the producer) invariably try to date Debbie Reynolds on the same night. Now when it happens they flip a coin—and their wigs!

Baby Talk: It's a girl for Esther Williams, who was so sure she was going to have a third son she didn't have a name ready. . . . Not so with the Tyrone Powers. Although Linda's astrologer predicted a boy, they had another girl whom they've christened Taryn. It's supposed to be a contraction of their names. We don't get it, either! . . . Once again Shirley Temple Black's reserved the same room in the Santa Monica Hospital where *she* was born. Her third child arrives next March. . . . A tired Dean Martin went right from the plane (he had been on tour) to the hospital where his Jean presented him with their second son.

False Alarm: The tension in the room was almost suffocating. Elizabeth Taylor's mother along with M-G-M's top brass sat staring into space. Finally the phone rang, their long distance call to Copenhagen came in. "Liz is fine," Michael Wilding's voice assured the anxious ones. "She didn't have a heart attack, as rumored, but she is tired and nervous from flying around Europe and sort of collapsed. Tell everyone not to worry."

Set Stuff: Instead of his name, "Golden Boy" was lettered on the back of the set chair Bill Holden received from Barbara Stanwyck the day they started "Executive Suite." It was quite a camera reunion, their first in fourteen years and since then Bill has indeed become the golden boy of the movies. At the box office that is! . . . What a set chore for Twentieth! For retakes, it had to duplicate the river and the raft which were used by Marilyn Monroe and Robert Mitchum on the "River of No Return" (*Continued on page* 74)

Jane Russell spreads sweetness and light in the manner of a volcano erupting, and loves to think the people she meets "hate me good"

handle with care

BY RICHARD LEON

● Is it true what they say about Russell? Is she really that sultry, sullen sexpot of a woman whose love scenes would melt a lead-lined camera? Or is Jane in the flesh, as more recent stories have suggested, a simple, over-pious girl who'd bore the average man with her namby-pamby ways? Religion has so mellowed her, say the latest stories, that if you were a picture on the wall of her dressing room on the set of RKO's "The French Line," you'd *never* hear anything but Jane spreading sweetness and light in soft, gentle tones. Or, if she weren't converting someone, you'd see her seated, eyes closed, in saintly meditation.

This is Jane Russell?

Uh, uh! In the first place, she hasn't just "got religion"; she has been a practising Christian all her life. What's more, she spreads her sweetness and light in the manner of a volcano erupting. And, finally, you'd never find yourself gracing Miss Russell's wall. That dressing room is her home on the RKO lot, and she's pretty particular about the pictures that are in it. The only ones in evidence are handsomely mounted portraits of her adopted daughter, Tracy, and of little Tommy Kavanagh.

You'd seldom see her seated anywhere; she has too many projects going. She'll help you build a house, paint walls, cover chairs—but be prepared for the fact that you'll have very little to do with it. Jane will make the decisions. She's too impatient to wait around while you make up your mind.

Jane's impatience is notoriously her worst fault. Anyone with the poor judgment to stand near the door of the studio commissary at noon can count on being knocked off his props by Miss Russell, who rips through the dining room like an express train with *no* emergency stops. Well, on an exceptionally good day she might help the guy to his feet—but only provided he didn't attempt to use the incident as a springboard to conversation. By Miss Russell's definition, the commissary is a place to eat, not talk.

The people who are closest to Jane don't care much for the sweetness-and-light routine, chiefly because the tough Jane Russell legend is more fun. According to the legend, she takes her role of big movie star very seriously indeed. She's unpredictable, bossy, temperamental, hard to get along with. You'd be hard put to find anyone on the RKO lot who doesn't like her, but they all contribute to the legend so loyally that separating fact from fiction is difficult.

"That dame!" says the still photographer with a grimace when you mention her name. Then, in the next breath, he says with obvious pride and devotion, "I've been shooting Jane for ten years, and she's never given me a minute's trouble."

Jane, herself, doesn't make it any easier. If her beauty is remarked upon, she's honestly bored. If she's complimented on a job of acting, she tabs the speaker as a phony. If (*Continued on page* 78)

Alexander Kahle

When a Los Angeles reporter was asked if he were going to cover Lana Turner's wedding to Bob Topping, he replied, "No. I'll wait and catch her next marriage." The reporter, like most of us, knew that impulsive, emotional Lana would more than likely have another marriage fling before too long.

Lana, a child of nature, is not overburdened with inhibitions. I've seen her pick out an attractive man at a party, walk up to him and say, "I'm Lana Turner. What's your name?" She gives so much of her emotional self that most of the men retreat in fright. No male wants to be completely ham-strung. Lord Byron must have had a woman of Lana's fire in mind when he wrote, "Love to a man is a thing apart. 'Tis a woman's whole existence."

But Lana, of the roving eye, can cast men off as easily as she takes them on. Fernando Lamas, a hot-blooded Latin with plenty of sexy ego, found that out. He took Lana to the party Marion Davies gave for the Johnnie Rays. All went well until that Turner eye caught a glimpse of Lex Barker. Soon they were dancing cheek to cheek, and the Lamas anger blazed. Enraged, he got Lana home; and 'tis said he left a few bruises on the famous Turner face to (*Continued on page* 84)

Rita and Dick jumped all hurdles in their mad rush to the altar—ignoring problems still ahead

Lex wanted Lana—and chased her all over Europe. Now he's caught her, is he the man to keep her?

HEDDA HOPPER ASKS ARE THESE ROMANCES

TOO HOT TO

Lamas is a passionate Latin who loves Arlene—and publicity. But is he the routine marriage type?

When Shelley storms, Vittorio remains impassive. But Shelley isn't shouting over nothing!

They danced themselves into a hot romance, but time will tell whether Gene and Jane must pay the piper

They blazed their love across the country—but is it going into a deep freeze now for Ava and Frank?

LAST ?

My Camera and I were in the Canadian Wilds...

On the spot

BY STERLING SMITH

with Marilyn!

● When PHOTOPLAY told me that I was going to Canada to shoot pictures of Marilyn Monroe, I wasn't excited. After all, in my eight years with the magazine I've shot every glamour girl in Hollywood—Lana Turner, Jane Russell, Ava Gardner and the rest—so the idea of traveling 3,800 miles to take pictures of Marilyn Monroe didn't excite me. Not much. Except that I almost forgot my camera.

I might just as well have left it at home, too, for all the workout it got. You see, Marilyn is still a little cross with PHOTOPLAY because of a story we ran last year.

Marilyn may not know until she reads this that the story she so disliked did a lot to win the women in the audience over to her side. No sooner had the issue hit the newsstands than we had thousands of letters suggesting that a gentleman shouldn't write stories about his former wife, criticizing us for publishing it, and defending Marilyn to the last woman.

But I wasn't the only photographer on the "River of No Return" location who wore a long face. By no means! The other guys had their fingers crossed, too. One morning we all arrived on the set at 8:30 A.M. to wait for Marilyn. At 10:00 A.M. we were told that she was getting ready for us. At 3:45 P.M. we began to shoot—and at 4:00 P.M. we had to stop because Marilyn had a studio call. That was it for the day. Man, were we overworked!

I did have one distinction, though; I was the photographer least likely to get an exclusive picture layout from Marilyn. She never said "No," exactly, but she got the idea across. For instance, she always introduced the other boys as representatives of magazines that "did so much for me", or have "always been so wonderful to me," but I was just Sterling Smith, period.

When I came home from Canada, my wife thought I had a hangdog look. I did. And I got it from following Marilyn around. When Joe DiMaggio put in an appearance, of course, I was twice as busy following both of them around. Joe never ran around the bases at Yankee Stadium any faster than he ran from my camera and me while we were in Banff.

In the end, I got my chance. A night scene was being shot, and to Marilyn, I was only one more dim figure. She sat opposite a campfire, playing a guitar and singing softly in a warm voice; she looked little and lonely, as I squatted there, taking pictures to my heart's content.

I had a fine vacation those two weeks, but I would rather have had my pictures. Marilyn had a heavy shooting schedule and an injured ankle, as well. That's partly why photographers had it so rough. But she also had a mad on at PHOTOPLAY. I hope she gets it over soon, because I'd have walked that 3800 miles to Banff Springs just to shoot Marilyn.

Marilyn was so mad at me—us—that I had to hover in the shadows to get these shots. If she'd had an idea I was there, it would have been "no dice!"

Stern

GREEN GROW THE LILACS

Emerald green, shining and fresh, captures the springlike quality of Piper Laurie

A painter looks at beauty and interprets it with his palette; a musician, with his score. And most people think in terms of both color and music when they are describing a beautiful woman. For these two media capture as nothing else can, the mood, the subtle shadings, the personality of beauty. Both the songs we have chosen, the colors they are wearing, interpret, for us, the mood and individual appeal of these beautiful women of Hollywood

Powolny

ORCHIDS IN THE MOONLIGHT

Lavender, with its hidden reds, soft blues, expresses the rare and subtle beauty of Jean Simmons

in the mood...

Apger

SERENADE IN BLUE

The blue of midnight,
serene and clear, reflects the
quiet charm of Pier Angeli

Ornitz

THAT LUCKY OLD SUN

Vibrant yellows catch the
sunshine sparkle of Doris Day's
warm, glowing personality

Six

RED SAILS IN THE SUNSET

The warmth of red that men
love defines Virginia Mayo's
direct, provocative appeal

Stern

FLAMINGO

Vivid, glowing pink is the color of
Arlene Dahl, as intense as her femininity,
as dramatic as her titian hair

AFRAID TO FALL IN LOVE?

They say he's a wolf. But Scott Brady has his own reasons why there's

no wife in his life

What bachelor Brady wants is the qualities of Dorothy Malone, Ann Blyth and Elaine Stewart—wrapped up in one neat package!

BY

RUTH WATERBURY

Scott Brady glared. I had just asked him how come he was such a wolf about Hollywood.

"I'm not a wolf," he said. "A wolf is a guy whose phone rings day and night with dolls eager for his company. Or he's ringing dolls' phones all the time, eager for their company. Neither happens to be true of me. Just because I'm a bachelor, just because I don't get married . . ."

"That's exactly the point. Why don't you? You said, way over a year ago, the night you opened in the stage show of 'The Moon Is Blue,' that you'd marry Dorothy Malone the moment she'd have you. What happened? Now she's dating somebody else! Or what about Elaine Stewart? Or Anita Eckberg? Or Janice Rule? Or Piper Laurie? Or Yvonne DeCarlo? And what about those dates you had with Ann Blyth and that really love-tossed poetry you wrote to her?"

"Now get off my back," Scott said. "You know that every man who meets Ann puts her on a pedestal."

"Yes, but Dr. McNulty was the man who put the ring on her finger. Why didn't you?"

We were lunching at a little sidewalk cafe in Beverly Hills. It was an exquisite day, and there were still tourists in town. Every one of them who was feminine spotted Scott at forty paces, and sighed happily. A score of them came timidly round the hedge that separated the table from the street and asked for (*Continued on page* 87)

One Unenchanted Evening

Rosie Clooney met José Ferrer—and what happened? Nothing! So she married the guy

BY JAMES HUNT

● Last summer, the day after Rosemary Clooney became the wife of José Ferrer, a New York publicist stood on a loading ramp at La Guardia airport waiting to board a plane for Paris. His nose was buried in a newspaper, and he kept shaking his head in disbelief.

"Impossible," he muttered, "impossible . . . impossible."

A companion looked over his shoulder. There didn't seem to be anything particularly unusual on the page. A story about a man getting a ticket for starting an argument with a policeman. A squib about an Iowa picnic. A few ads and fillers. And a photograph of half a dozen people with a lengthy caption. The companion was puzzled.

"What's so impossible?" he asked.

The gate opened and the passengers headed for the plane. The publicist threw the newspaper down on a counter and went aboard.

"Some day," he said to his friend, "when we have lots and lots of time, I'll tell you how incredible it all is."

The paper lay on the counter with the photograph face up. Included in the picture were Rosemary Clooney, José Ferrer, Olivia de Havilland and a few members of the cast of a musical José was appearing in at Dallas, Texas. The caption explained that it was a wedding party and that Rosie and José had been married the day before after a courtship of more than a year. This may not have seemed so impossible to most people, but it did to that publicist. He knew the whole story. As *(Continued on page 88)*

Those who knew him when, never could believe Dean Martin would be happy as a father. But he has the last laugh—and two full houses!

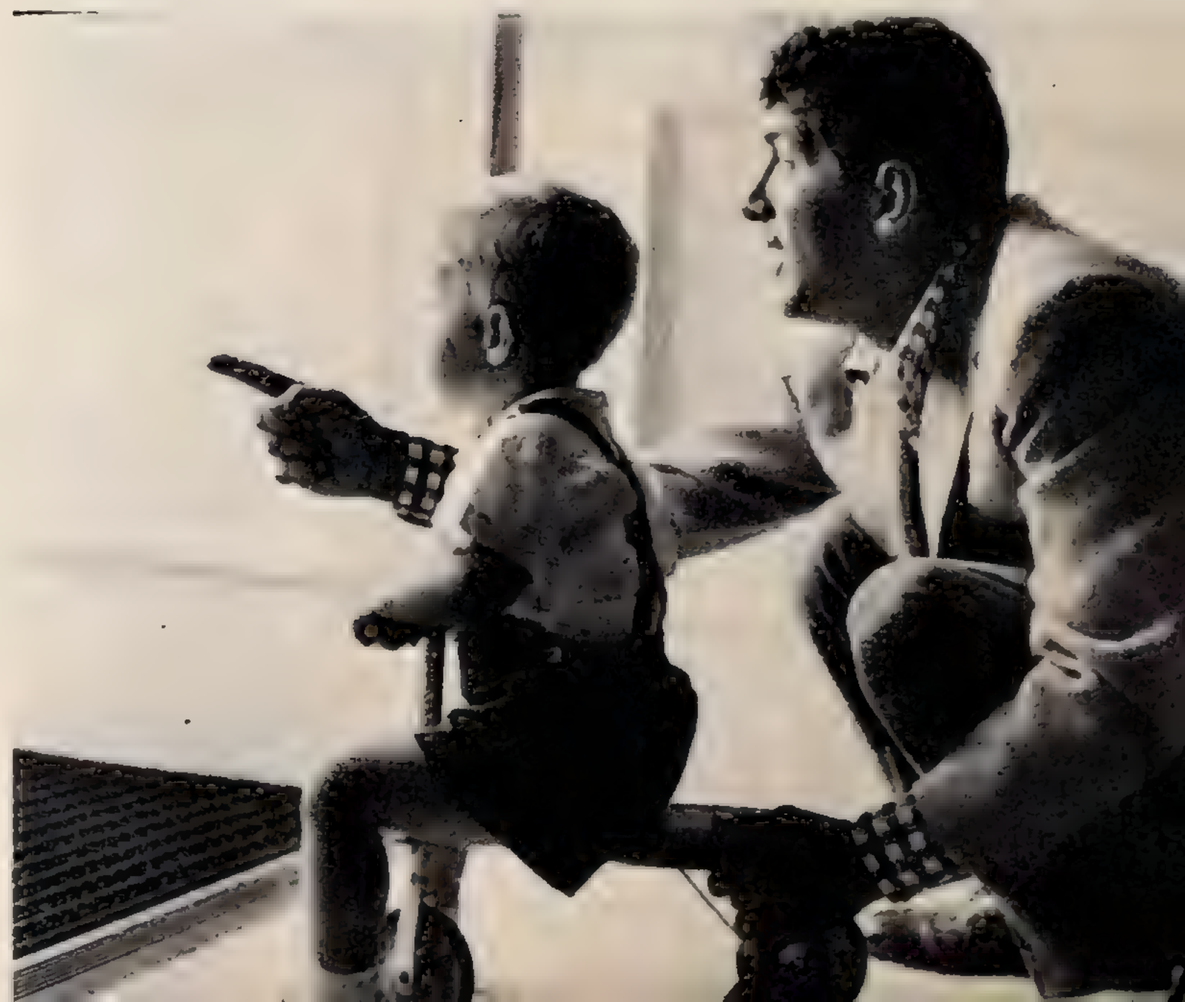
THE MORE THE MERRIER

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

Dean had been counting on a baby daughter, had the name "Gina" all ready for her. But Ricci convinced him he'd been looking for another son all the time

Like his older brother and sisters, young Dino was happy to welcome a new brother to the fold. Before the baby's birth he'd told Jeanne, "No more girls!"

Gail, Claudia, Craig, Dena and Dean, Jr. (Dino) were all asking for a baby brother. "Now we're even, three and three," was the elated chorus they all voiced to their dad.



● Nose to the glass, tired but happy, Dean Martin stood in the hospital corridor weakly eyeing his new-born. His pal, Mack Gray, and Jeanne's mother were standing, one on each side, for support. The three of them were speechless.

They'd all been so sure it would be a girl. They'd planned naming her "Gina," Italian for her mom. They'd been so sure. They had no name at all for this husky one.

For instead of the golden-haired, dainty little daughter they'd envisioned, there lay a very virile young man with a mane of black hair, and kicking like the home team really needed that extra point. Gina? He was "Kid Crocetti," this one. Dean's chest pressed the glass too. Out of six children, this was the first to look thoroughly like him. He was the spittin' image of his proud pop, and already a personality in his own right. No namby-pamby name would do.

"He's 'Ricci,' " Mack Gray said. A regular little character, they all grinned.

Then turning to Jeanne's mother Dean said, movedly, "That girl of yours gives me nothing but big healthy boys. I hope she won't be too disappointed." He was so sure Jeanne had her heart set on a girl. Still, when he told her, "We have a fine baby boy," he was a little unprepared for her vehement, "Oh no, we don't!" She was so sure Dean had wanted a daughter.

Actually they both wanted a son all the time. And the son they had. All man. And so they named him Ricci James—"Spelled R-I-C-C-I" they cautioned all who inquired, "After all, you've heard of people with sons named Jon—J-O-N, (*Continued on page 80*)

Exciting—new—Photoplay first! Hollywood gossip put through the wringer of intimate and honest reporting. You've heard the rumor. Now read the fact!

BY GEORGE ARMSTRONG

THIS IS THE

RUMOR: ***"Jane Powell and Gene Nelson can hardly wait till the time they're both free—so they can get married . . ."***

FACT: Absolutely inaccurate! Jane is enjoying her new freedom more every day. Her closest pals feel that by the time her divorce is final, she will like it so much she won't trade it. This romance is still pretty warm, but cooling slowly. Look for a new man in Jane's life before long—and the possible reconciliation of Gene and Miriam Nelson. The indications are that Miriam may never even file for a divorce.

RUMOR: ***"Elizabeth Taylor wishes her son would hurry and grow up a bit so she can have more time to work on her career . . ."***

FACT: Which son? Liz is so much in love that she doesn't give a hang about her career anymore. Sure, she'll make movies. But they'll be in between children if she has anything to say about it. She told a friend recently that she's glad she had a baby while she's young—and she wants a couple more right away. She feels she can get a family started and *then* act her head off, and Michael Wilding agrees. Oddly enough, M-G-M thinks Liz will be just as talented and beautiful five years from now, and is willing to wait.

RUMOR: ***"Rory and Lita Calhoun have weathered five years of marriage without a quarrel."***

FACT: Man, what an understatement! It didn't get into print, but a few weeks ago, Rory and Lita got into a battle and he slapped her three times in front of a handful of guests. She locked him out of the house, so he put his fist through a plate glass in their front door and had to have ten stitches taken in his hand. If this isn't a fight, it will have to do till a riot comes along. You can look for a major disruption of this happy family any day now.

RUMOR: ***"Susan Hayward and Jess Barker will arrange a quiet property settlement. For the sake of the twins, there will be absolutely no public name-calling . . ."***

FACT: It's just possible Jess Barker and Susan Hayward will have been in court by the time you read this—and you'll know how wrong this information is. This estrangement is as bitter as any we've ever encountered in Hollywood. The past *several* years of marriage between Jess and Susan have been studded with violent quarrels. Since they separated, Susan has had a guard to keep Jess away from the house and a court order restraining him from molesting her. Jess, angered because of his alleged "woman of the house" role during his marriage, has retained Sammy Hahn, the famed attorney to represent him. They say he will ask for his share of community property and possibly alimony. At any rate, Jess and Susan get along like a gopher and a snake—and don't you believe anything else. We know nothing of blame, and Jess always appeared to be a good husband. However, the sympathy of their friends is *all* for Susan. The money involved in this case will amount to close to a million dollars. That's enough to start a fight in church!

RUMOR: ***"It looks like the end is near for Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman . . ."***

FACT: It might look like it, but it isn't! Shell and Vittorio, no matter what you read to the contrary, are in *love*. Sure they fight. He's Latin—and she's Shelley Winters. But they expected to fight before they got

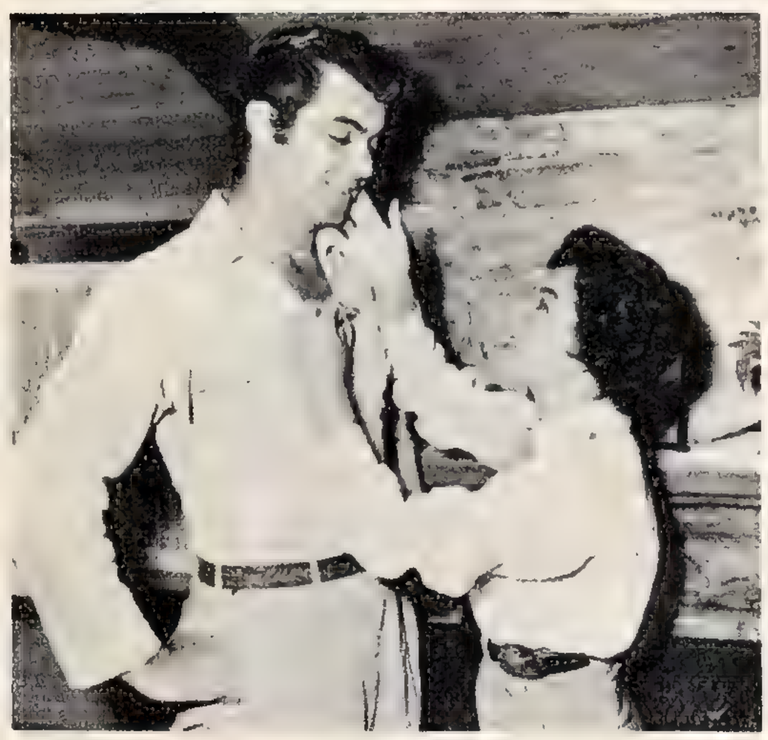
Does Liz feel her baby is hurting her career?

Are Stewart and Jean fighting new problems?

TRUTH

Can Kirk and his little Pier be "just friends"?

married. And they expected to be separated for long periods of time. And they expected the newspapers to make the most of it. In our opinion, even an announced estrangement wouldn't mean a thing. Vittorio, in true Italian fashion, is the master of his home and simply crazy about his kid. The real reason he takes off to Italy so often is that his salary over there is almost astronomical. Shelley is entirely in favor of his making money while they're both young. Shelley is the kind of a girl who would tell the world if she didn't like the way Vittorio tied his shoe laces. But she's made for him and he is for her. The only ending here will be a happy one!



Is life fine and dandy at the Rory Calhouns?

RUMOR: *"Marilyn Monroe is the happiest girl in town, what with her career going so well . . ."*

FACT: Rot! One of these days Marilyn Monroe is going to stage one of the most important sit-down strikes Hollywood has ever seen. She is *most* unhappy with her career. She feels she is being used as a freak attraction and is not being given a chance to prove her true talent as an actress. And as for money, she's sick about her income. She knows a girl has to (*Continued on page 70*)

Will Judy Garland ever be a topnotcher again?

Decorations By
Antonio Stathis

ESTHER WILLIAMS' WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS

BY MAXINE BLOCK

This year Esther and Ben have a daughter, Susan Tenney, to help celebrate with Benjie and Kimmie

● This Christmas, when Esther Williams "goes home" to Inglewood, she'll be carrying an extra bundle of holiday cheer. Not only will Ben and Benjie and Kimmie be there, but something new's been added — Susan Tenney Gage!

Today Inglewood is a sprawled-out community of weatherbeaten bungalows and small business establishments, on the southern fringes of Los Angeles. As the crow flies, Inglewood is some thirty miles from a charming yellow early American farmhouse set among towering sycamores and live oaks in Mandeville Canyon — the home of Esther Williams, a swimming star who ran a swim suit into a fantastic career. But as glamour flies, Inglewood is a thousand miles from the heady razzle-dazzle of Hollywood.

Back in 1919 much of Inglewood consisted of waving alfalfa fields in which the spring showers flung up a myriad of wildflowers. There, from Salt Lake City came Lou Williams and his wife, Bula, and their four children searching for a home. Lou bought a lot of lumber and set to work building a tiny house for his brood on the outermost edges of the community.

And it was in that modest dwelling that Esther Jane, fifth and *(continued on page 82)*

alan ladd

The hushed accents of danger . . . keepsakes in a safe-deposit box . . . red apples in a silver bowl . . . father's day at the zoo . . . lamplights reflected on wet city streets . . . the inscription on a wedding ring

Photograph by G. Morris. Alan's in "Botany Bay" and "Paratrooper"

Photograph by Bachrach: Dale is in "Son of Sinbad"

dale robertson

Restless feet on a polished floor . . . silk shirts and riding boots . . . nostalgic singing of cowboys under a prairie moon . . . Saturday night in a mining town . . . hurricane in harness

I can tell you straight from the shoulder

Teen-age Marriage Is a Mistake

by Terry Moore

Powolny

● I often wonder how many of today's teenagers will give themselves the chance to reach realistic and happy conclusions about the romances they have so early in life. I think about it most whenever I receive a letter from a fan asking for advice on an affair of the heart or perhaps hinting that I might airmail her at least a small amount of encouragement to defy her parents and marry against their will.

As for advice, I'm Terry Moore. I'm not the last word. Still, if I think that anything I might say would be of help, I'd gladly speak up. As for this business of defying parents, I'm pleased to say that I've personally never really had an occasion to stage a large-type rebellion. The Kofords are great believers in free speech and we usually talk things out until somebody sees the light. And often as not, that somebody is me.

Talking things out is the best method I can recommend for reaching an understanding with anybody's parents. I definitely don't believe in defiance. Along these lines, I keep recalling the old story about the son who, while in his teens, thought his father was terribly stupid. At twenty-six, he was positively amazed to discover how much his old man had learned!

They say that the lessons that stay with you the longest are the ones that are learned the hard way. When you're young, you wonder if you'll ever get all your problems solved. And what happens if you marry too early and find your problems doubled? That's up to you.

I have a friend who, at nineteen, decided that he wouldn't wait to marry. And, as the saying goes, so they were wed. Now he's standing by and watching his buddies finish their college educations. You can't blame him if he's slightly envious at times. He had to get a job. He's had to stick to it. He can't shop around for something better because he has a wife and family to support. He hasn't been able to take the chances on furthering his career that he might take if he were free. And this places a burden on both the young people.

You can't dodge responsibilities. You have them all your life. But why get bogged down with them so soon? My friend loves his wife and I'll bet my bottom dollar they'll be together when their old-age pensions start rolling in. But a marriage like this one needs a lot of love and an extra-lot of courage on both sides to survive.

Perhaps I sound like a pessimist. It's just that ever since I can remember, I've contended that teen-age marriage is a mistake. Of course, I'm happy to admit that there are some teenagers fortunate enough to (*Continued on page* 68)

PHOTOPLAY
EXCLUSIVE

"I WAS ENCHANTED WITH GREGORY PECK"

"BUT I AM NOT A HOME-BREAKER!"

By Hollywood standards—and one must never, *never* minimize Hollywood standards!—Audrey Hepburn is flat-chested, slim-hipped and altogether un-Marilyn Monroe-ish. Her measurements are: bust, 32″; waist, 20½″; hips, 34. Nothing sensational there, is there? And yet, Hollywood standards or no, Audrey Hepburn is the most phenomenal thing that's happened to the film capital since Marilyn Monroe! Figure *that* out and you've got the answer to what makes Hollywood tick.

I met this new sensation in her dressing room at Paramount—it was once Dottie Lamour's dressing room, when Dottie was Queen of Paramount—on the smoggiest morning in the history of Los Angeles. It was also the morning when the critical reviews of "Roman Holiday," Audrey's first picture for Paramount, were just starting to break in the newspapers. The reviews were unanimous in hailing the performance turned in by this gamin from across the seas with surprise and delight.

My eyes were watering. The smog was a fiendish mixture of fire, brimstone, hatpins and feathers. Then Audrey Hepburn glided into the room and the cloud lifted and my eyes stopped watering.

She's exactly five-feet-six-and-three-quarter-inches high in her stocking feet, and she moves those five-

Her figure's too thin and her face—well Audrey Hepburn thinks it's awful. But the effect she had on this reporter is nothing short of sensational

WHO NEEDS BEAUTY !

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

"FASHIONS—I LOVE 'EM"

"I'LL BUY BOOKS AND ENJOY LIFE"

"WOLVES? ARE THERE SUCH THINGS?"

feet-six-and-three-quarter-inches around a room like a cat—gracefully, proudly, a trifle arrogantly—and you sit up and take notice because her arrival is like a blare of trumpets. This is an actress in the grand manner: another Garbo, Bette Davis, Katie Hepburn, Greer Garson, Joan Crawford or who-have-you? This is *it!*

I had come prepared to ask her about the rumors linking her name romantically with Gregory Peck's, her co-star in "Roman Holiday," plus a lot of other personal questions. Instead, I sat and let her talk, mesmerized by that exquisite little-girl face, those hypnotic eyes, (*Continued on page* 72)

Mike's the first U.S. film-magazine writer Audrey has granted a personal interview

She was a girl with flaming hair and he was her school-days beau. Her name was Susan Hayward

Jeff's Other Love

BY JANE CORWIN

● Only a handful of Hollywood insiders are aware that deep in the secret hearts of Susan Hayward and Jeff Chandler a childhood love, like a tree, grew and flourished long ago in Brooklyn. In that inhospitable clime—compounded of noisome vapors from the nearby gas tanks and turgid waters of the Gowanus Canal—that tremulous romance of early adolescence withered. But its roots were entwined tightly in their youthful hearts and, intimates believe, *it never died.*

Two years ago, a filmland executive who grew up with Jeff and Susan in Flatbush said, "You know, it's too bad that Susan Hayward ever married Jess Barker. I've always felt the only real love in her life was Jeff Chandler. But Susan had no time for romance when she met him; she had a one-track mind and its ultimate destination was the Broadway stage. Her drive for success was unrelenting. The same went for Jeff. They were both unhappy kids, not so much because they were short of money, but because they were short of a satisfying prospect for the future. Life was grim and earnest, and love had to take a back seat. So their paths separated, and by the time they were both ready to consider marriage, he was a GI in the Aleutians and she was a rising young star in Hollywood.

"Maybe I'm an old sentimentalist, but I think it's tragic that they drifted apart. Because Susan (*Continued on page* 76)

Estabrook

BY
DIANE SCOTT

Audrey and Jim Brown wonder if the baby they expect will be in school before news of his arrival spreads

THOSE IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

Audrey Dalton wasn't being secretive. It was just that no one asked her if she was married

● It was the night before Christmas, and all through the house, not a creature was stirring—not even a Hollywood columnist.

That was just a year ago, and pretty Irish Audrey Dalton and UCLA grad, Jim Brown, were decorating the Christmas tree at his parents' home in San Francisco. The living room was warmly mellow with the multicolored lights and the flickering flames of the fireplace. Christmas carols echoed softly in the background as Audrey and Jim affixed the last glittearing ornament to the top of the tree.

"And suddenly," Audrey recalls dreamily," Jim's parents just sort of disappeared." She didn't know it then, but they had gone out to get a bottle of champagne so they could toast the bride-to-be.

"Quick," she said, "let's hurry and get the gifts we bought them, and put them under the tree." Jim brought her the packages she'd asked for, and another—a tiny velvet box. Inside it was her ring. She looked at it, her mouth opened and her eyes filled with tears.

"One look at the ring, one look at me, and she burst into tears," Jim teases her now.

"We just stood there, both of us, crying together," Audrey amends.

When Jim's parents returned in a few minutes. they drank that toast. And then, "Because we wanted to start our life together right," Audrey and Jim went off to midnight mass.

Later that week, "The four of us got dressed to the teeth," says Audrey mistily, "and Jim and I got married."

Even Audrey's own family didn't know of her marriage for a while. "They knew we were engaged," she says, "so that eased the shock a little." But she felt she ought to break them in gradually to the idea that she would be living happily ever after an ocean away from them. "But the (*Continued on page* 81)

Photo by Christa

Make bright winter wool jersey separates, exactly like those Jane Powell wears in Warners' "Three Sailors and a Girl." Turn the page and see how many moods you can give the outfit by adding and subtracting the multi-accessories. Give yourself a new wardrobe by starting with these separates designed by Moss Mabry

MORE FASHIONS

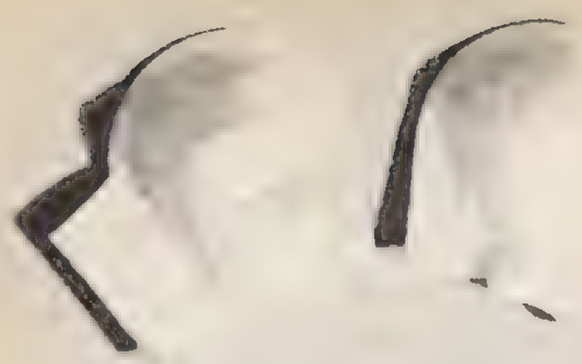
ADVANCE PATTERN CO., INC.
P.O. Box #21, Murray Hill Station
New York 16, N. Y.

Please send me pattern #6611, PHOTOPLAY'S Jane Powell dress, in size_____ Enclosed is 35c in cash.

Name_____

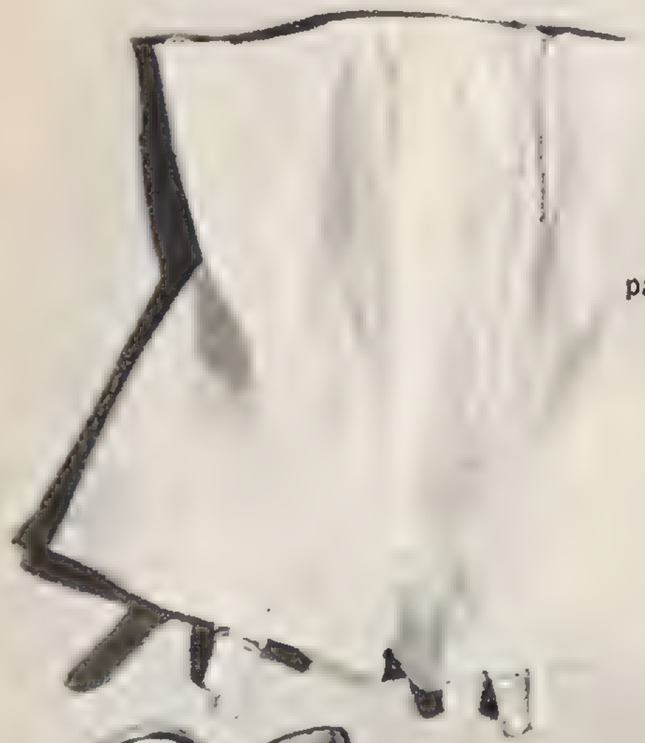
Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____



Nylon wired strapless bra, Flexees. $3.95.

Crystal and topaz star, Kramer. $10.95. Gimbel's, N. Y.



Good controlling pantie-girdle. Flexees. $10.95.

CO-STARRING ACCESSORIES

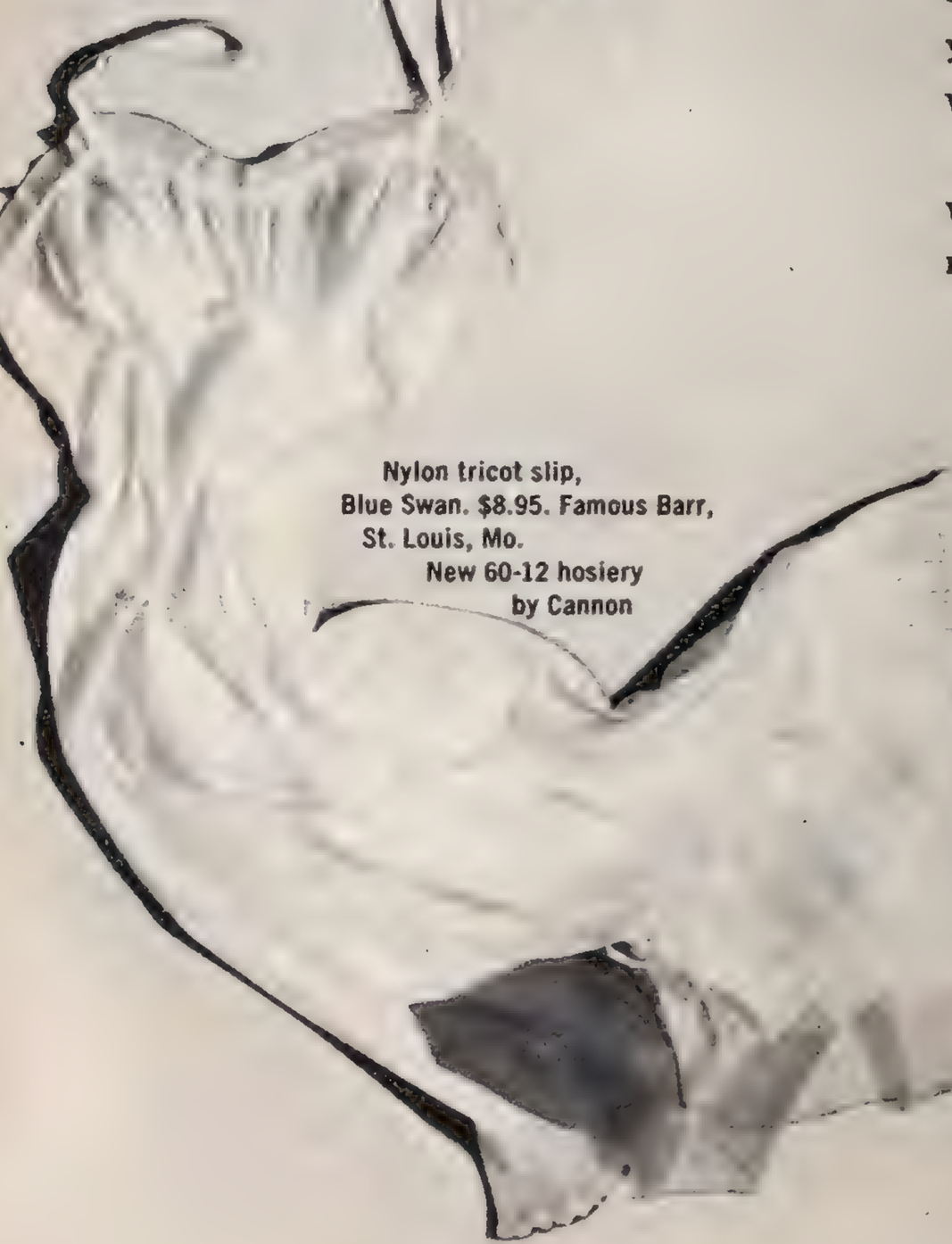
Midwinter needn't mean the doldrums for you or your wardrobe. One bright, new set of separates with these gay accessories to vary them, can mean three different outfits. Use the white skirt as a base (page 53) and change it three ways for three different times of the day or evening.

For day, wear the sew-them-yourself separates in red and white wool jersey, as Jane does. Then switch to the white lacy sweater, add the black stole, long or short gloves and a black bag. A touch of gold jewelry and you're ready for dining or late day-time fun. Another mood, for that wonderful dancing date is feminine, shining pink. You twirl in the newest in pink kid stripling shoes; a bare satin camisole and pearl and rhinestone jewels. Of course, under all these, to look your very best you'll wear a good foundation, a well-fitted bra and a smooth white slip.

Try it all out yourself and see what a lift you and your wardrobe will get. These are the newest fashion color combinations. They will make you a new girl!

Black satin "ticket-lined" baby tote, MM bag. $7.95. Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Texas

Cotton Elvette embroidered shorties, Dawnelle. $3.50.



Nylon tricot slip, Blue Swan. $8.95. Famous Barr, St. Louis, Mo. New 60-12 hosiery by Cannon

St. Christopher charm and bracelet, $10.95. Ciner

Leather lined calf bag, Ronay. $15.00. Bonwit Teller, N. Y.

Gold link bracelet, $5.95.
Gold baroque pearl bracelet. $2.95.
Earrings. $4.95.
All Bergere.
Joseph Magnin,
San Francisco

Black jersey half-moon stole,
Glentex. $5.95.
Arnold Constable, N. Y.

Gold ball lariat. $6.00.
Cuff bracelet and matching
earrings. $12.50, $10.00.
All Monet.
Bloomingdale's, N. Y.

White lacy sweater,
Tish-u-knit. $5.00.
Stern's, N. Y.
Rope necklace with
loop tie balls, Monet. $10.00.
Bloomingdale's, N. Y.

Iridescent pink kidskin
shoes, Carlisle. $16.95.
Lord & Taylor, N. Y.

Pink satin camisole,
Juniorite. $7.95.
Wanamaker's, N. Y.
Indian sari-cloth hankie.
Baar & Beards. $1.00.
Pink satin bag, MM. $5.00.
Dome crystal earrings,
Kramer. $11.95.
Gimbel's, N. Y.
Pearl and
crystal
mobile
pin. $11.95.
Pearl and
rhinestone brace-
lets. $5.00 & $10.00.
Both Richelieu. Stern's,
N. Y. Doeskin
Shorties,
Fownes.
$5.00.

Dawnelle's highrising gloves. $6.00.
Saks Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Slim, Italian handled umbrella,
Krongold. $5.00.
Bonwit Teller, N. Y.

MORE FASHIONS →

MID-WINTER LIGHTS

Crystal and gold crescent pin by Kramer

Nina Foch of M-G-M's "Executive Suite" dines in new, camel separates by Jeanne Campbell of Sportwhirl. Wrap-back camisole, under $10. Circle skirt with white satin diamonds, under $30. Sizes 8-16. Bonwit Teller, N. Y.

Muff by Winter Furs. Jewelry by Richelieu. Shoes by Capezio

Ella Raines, star-producer of TV's "Janet Dean, R.N.," likes winter-pink tweed separates. Box jacket, satin-lined, $17.95. Skirt, belt, $10.95. Matching satin camisole, $7.95. By Ruth Woelfel of Juniorite. Sizes 7-15. Wanamaker, N. Y.

MORE FASHIONS →

MID-WINTER LIGHTS

Laurie Anders, who has just finished "The Marshal's Daughter," goes partying in Jonathan Logan's crisp silk and acetate dress. Blue, green, pink. 7-15. $19.95. Best & Co., N. Y.

Necklace and bracelet by Schrager. Wear-right cotton shorties. Laurie's hair done by Caruso, N. Y.

SEE PAGE 68 FOR ADDITIONAL STORES WHICH HAVE PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

Photoplay

PICTURE GALLERY

KIRK DOUGLAS

Cupid missed the mark in the Kirk Douglas-Pier Angeli romance. But we hear that Rome fell—meaning the fair signorinas—for the redoubtable Douglas, who grew the beard for his role as "Ulysses." The ladies loved it—so did Kirk. As for the ladies in Paris, where he made the film, "Act of Love"—ooh, la, la! We wonder how he'll like an apartment in Hollywood after his palace in Rome. Judging from reports, Kirk's life abroad has gone to his head. Or should we say beard!

MONA and MONIE

Nowadays, Monie's mama is kept busy washing those rumors out of her hair. But in spite of the denials from both sides of the Atlantic, Mona Freeman's back with Bing now he's back from Europe. Is it love?

KATHRYN and PATTY KATE

Seems Patty Kate still isn't used to Mommy as a blonde! Katie Grayson dyed for the Grace Moore story, "So This Is Love," which did so well there'll be a sequel. But you'll see Kate in "Kiss Me Kate," first

CHARLTON HESTON

His TV, stage and movie career keeps Chuck going in one direction and his actress wife in another. But Lydia and the star of "Bad for Each Other" don't worry—they know they're very good for each other

SHELLEY WINTERS

Clashing temperaments and career problems have upset many a marriage. But in spite of the predictions, Shelley and her Vittorio continue to fool the experts—and head for each other after every separation!

TAB HUNTER

This is the life for Tab Hunter, whose skill on skates shows more than amateur perfection. But we hope Tab won't desert the silver screen for the shining blades. The guy in "Steel Lady" is too good an actor

JANET LEIGH

Janet's going to need all that bouncing vitality when she starts "Living It Up" with Martin and Lewis. As the girl in their latest picture, Janet gets top billing. So let the bruises fall where they may!

AUDIE MURPHY

When Audie went Western his fans loved it—especially "Three Were Renegades." No wonder Murph's feeling merry. He'll play himself in a film to be made from his own book, and he'll soon be a daddy again

Look lovelier in 10 days

with Doctor's Home Facial

...or your money back!

The moment you smooth on this different beauty cream, you're on your way to a fresher, prettier complexion. For you've taken the first step in the wonderful, new Home Facial, developed by a noted skin doctor.

This Doctor's Home Facial uses Noxzema, the only leading beauty cream that's *medicated*. See how this unique cream works for you — how fresh your skin becomes—how clear and satiny smooth it looks!

Follow Doctor's Home Facial below. It's especially beneficial to dry, rough or blemished* skin. Noxzema supplies a film of oil and moisture that works night and day to help skin look fresher, prettier.

This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier—helps you keep it that way, too!

● If you aren't entirely satisfied with your complexion here's important beauty news for you!

A famous skin doctor worked out a different kind of beauty routine — with a special beauty cream. It's actually a new cleansing method and a wonderfully effective home beauty treatment—all rolled-in-one!

Why it's so successful

This new beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous *greaseless* formula is a combination of softening, soothing, and cleansing ingredients offered by no other leading beauty cream. It's *medicated* —aids healing—helps skin look clean and fresh! Here's all you do!

1 **Cleanse** your face by *washing* with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema; wring out a cloth in warm water and wash as if using soap. See how stale make-up and dirt disappear after this 'cream-washing'! How fresh skin looks and feels—not dry, or drawn!

2 **Night Cream:** *Medicated Noxzema* supplies a protective film of oil and moisture—helps your skin look smoother, fresher, lovelier. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them — fast! It's *greaseless,* too! No smeary pillow!

3 **Make-up base:** In the morning, 'cream-wash' again; then as your long-lasting powder base, apply Noxzema. It helps protect your skin all day!

Results are thrilling. Surveys show over a million women all over America have changed to this sensible beauty care. Hundreds of letters praise Noxzema's quick help for dry, rough skin; *externally-caused blemishes; and especially for that dull, lifeless, *half-clean* look of many so-called normal complexions.

It works or money back! In clinical tests the Noxzema routine helped 4 out of 5 women with skin problems to have lovelier complexions. Try it for 10 days—if you don't look lovelier—return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore—money back! Get Noxzema today—40¢, 60¢ and $1.00 plus tax at drug, cosmetic counters.

NOXZEMA skin cream

(*Continued from page* 46)
have a wisdom beyond their years. But how many, in all sincerity, make the mistake of interpreting their youthful confidence as mental maturity?

When I was in my teens, caution was my first rule for romance. If I liked a boy well enough to think in terms of possible future matrimony, I went with him for well over a year. Marriage could wait, I vowed, until I was twenty-one—old enough to know my own mind and heart. It seemed like a wise theory. And true to my theory, I waited to marry Glenn Davis until I was in my early twenties. But now I realize that even at the magic age of twenty-one I hadn't actually grown up. I'm afraid I was still emotionally immature. I'd played youngsters on the screen. The majority of my friends were a group of unsophisticated boys and girls with whom I'd gone to school. I was still a teenager in my views.

Our marriage had seemed so right to Glenn and me at the time. As if it were just meant to be. Everyone else thought so, too. We were, they said, like a storybook couple. And we might have been, if we hadn't wanted such completely different things from life. But marriage is no fairy tale. There's no guarantee of a happily-ever-after ending. Unfortunately, too many couples learn this through heartbreak.

Heartbreak is something that comes to everyone in one form or another. You can let it warp your outlook and ruin your life. You can let it make you cynical and afraid. Or, on the other hand, you can let it be an experience which will guide you into maturity . . . and you can profit by your mistakes through an understanding of how they happened.

When you're a teenager I think you're inclined to have the idea that life owes you something. But as you grow older, you learn that you owe something to life, as well. And it's this realization that makes it easier to throw aside any ruinous resentment you might have, and do some straight thinking. I'm not certain that I could have done this when I was in my teens. How many teenagers can? That takes the perspective of time.

I saw this perspective in operation at a wedding a few weeks ago. It was the kind of wedding that every girl should have, complete with flowers and music, friends and relatives . . . and mother and father, smiling with tears in their eyes. It was the bride's day. There would never be another quite like it. And Jane was as lovely as any bride who ever lived.

Later, at the reception, I caught her with a faraway look in her eyes.

"I was thinking . . ." she grinned sheepishly. ". . . Remember Mike?"

Now this might seem like a strange thing for a girl to say when she's just married a fine fellow named Robert. But although Mike had long since been out of our lives, he was an unforgettable part of the past, of our high-school days. Remember him? I used to think he was the only word in Jane's vocabulary. And by the time graduation rolled around, she was convinced that life wouldn't be worth living if she weren't his wife.

But Jane's folks kept making noises that sounded like awfully strong objections. The fact that their own happy marriage might qualify them to know a bit about love and matrimony never seemed to occur to their daughter. At any rate by some stroke of luck or common sense, Jane and Mike didn't elope—though they had discussed the possibility at great length. She agreed to go on to college for at least a year. That's where she met Bob.

And Mike? "How could I ever have thought that I loved him?" she asked me on her wedding day. She was really saying, "What if I hadn't waited to grow up?"

That was *almost* a mistake, a drastic mistake avoided by a mixture of common sense, time and real love.

Speaking of marital mistakes, I've read a few thousand statements to the effect that Hollywood has a monopoly on them. But I believe that statistics prove otherwise. And I'm certain that the divorces that have shaken our city would have been just as shocking if they had happened to the citizens in any small town, U.S.A. But in Hollywood—or anywhere—I wonder why the surprise when certain marriages flop. The majority of cases involve girls who have become brides too soon. For instance, take a girl who has never done a great deal of dating. She's eighteen or nineteen when she finds her man and marries him. A few years go by and she discovers someone new. She realizes, unhappily, that he's the fellow she should have wed in the first place. And she might have—if she had waited.

I don't have to name names of important Hollywood stars to prove this point. You know who they are as well as I do.

The press has a way of labeling youthful Hollywood marriages as "declarations of independence"! It's nothing new and a logicial enough analysis. Some parents lay down the law in no uncertain terms, seemingly unaware that an unhappy home-life can drive a girl straight to the marriage-license bureau.

Believing that marriage is a solution to all problems is, of course, a dangerous attitude. When a girl marries, she walks right into a whole flock of new problems. Matrimony is by no means an escape. If she feels escape necessary, a girl can find a job and take an apartment by herself.

A teenager should think twice (at least twice a day for a year or so, I might add) before saying "I do." Then perhaps she'll think herself right out of the idea. A happy marriage is every girl's goal. And I stress the word "happy." However, some will settle for marriage, period. Maybe high-school graduation is drawing near and the lady thinks, "If I get a man, then I can relax."

That's sheer laziness. And foolishness. You have to be on your toes all through life, married or single. Why not face it?

And while I'm issuing warnings, I believe I should mention the immature male. He's the fellow who says, "Marry me now, or goodbye forever." Watch out for him. You may think you love him and still have every intention of letting a sensible time elapse before tying the knot. An ultimatum from a man she cares for, or thinks she could come to care for, can really throw a girl off balance. Especially if it's the first ultimatum she's ever received.

The first time I heard the phrase, I took it seriously. "Well . . . goodbye," I said sadly, never expecting to see the gentleman again. I was amazed when he came back. After a while I learned that if they care, they always come back.

You may find it hard to hand a man his hat when he cries, "Farewell." But remember, if a fellow can say it and mean it, he couldn't possibly love you. And if you do marry him, chances are that he'll be saying "goodbye forever" whenever you have a difference of opinion.

I recall hearing a story about a high-school class day speaker whose subject when addressing the seniors was somewhat less than inspiring. He said, in effect, "Poor kids. What a shame you have to go out into the cold, cruel world."

Numerous people think it's a dreadful shame, particularly as far as girls are concerned. According to popular opinion, the feeling seems to be that every girl should be married—right now. Popular opinions are something you can't do much about. People will talk. In small towns, you hear a girl mutter, "Everybody thinks I should marry Joe. But there's just one thing wrong. I don't love Joe."

So go look for a Jim, I say. You can't please everyone, but I know sensitive teenagers who have nearly wrecked their lives trying.

Opinions ride high in Hollywood, too, and they're accompanied by a spotlight. Lately, I've been accused of playing the field, of having too many dates, of all things! I do know a lot of men; some are in the movie industry, some are not. I enjoy being with them. I doubt if I'll get serious about anyone for a while yet. However, eventually I'll want to remarry. I've always had a happy family life and more than anything else I want a good marriage and a happy family. But will I ever meet Mr. Right if I play recluse?

Suppose I did confine my interests to one man? What would folks say? Probably what many of them said when the erroneous report of my forthcoming wedding to Bob Wagner was printed while we were at work on "Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef" last April—that Terry was rushing foolishly into another marriage.

Can you win? I think so. When you come to realize certain things. For instance, that you alone must make the final decision. That you must use your head as well as your heart. That marriage means sharing common interests—and many many problems. It also means sharing religious interests.

Don't lose sight of the fact that there is no such thing as selfishness in a happy marriage. A great many teenagers make this marital mistake. In their teens, few people have learned to give in. They've always been the center of their family group. Their families have always taken care of them—and suddenly they're expected to take care of someone else.

Again I'll say that I think it's best to wait! And when the time does come, be absolutely certain that you can't live without the man of your choice. You're going to live with him the rest of your life. At least you are if you've let your head and your heart work together!

THE END

HERE'S WHERE TO BUY PHOTOPLAY JANUARY FASHIONS

Sportwhirl

Flah & Co., Inc., Syracuse, N. Y.

Neusteter's, Denver, Colo.

Joseph Magnin, San Francisco, Calif.

Jonathan Logan

Broadway Store, Los Angeles, Calif.

D. H. Holmes Co., New Orleans, La.

J. N. Adam & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The May Company, Cleveland, Ohio

Juniorite

Jay's, Inc., Boston, Mass.

Bring Him Back Alive

(*Continued from page* 21)

into the steel—head first. Watching the molten metal flow from the troughs, Bob decided to have a closer look. He tripped and but for the quick arm of a foreman, he'd have gone up in smoke.

Little wonder it's been said that just being Bob Wagner is a hazardous occupation in itself. And that holds in his professional as well as in his private life.

Now movie making involves a calculated number of risks for the sake of realism. In Bob's scripts, the studio has never spared the action. While any number of stunt men are ready, willing and well-paid to do the more dangerous assignments, Bob insists on doing them himself. Consequently, "Halls of Montezuma" and "What Price Glory?" found him in various and assorted trenches, surrounded by live ammunition. In "The Silver Whip," he was called upon to fall from a stage coach and crawl around between the thundering hoofs of six horses. After that, they sank the Titanic out from under him. In "Prince Valiant," he dueled on the parapet of a flaming stone castle, wound up with a real limp eluding his make-believe captors. And for his role in "Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef," he went strolling around the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico.

Even the veteran divers were impressed with Bob's deep-sea diving chores for "Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef." "It's no cinch," one of them said. "You're all by yourself down there. And the only thing between life and death is a little lifeline. If the airhose gets cut, you're a goner."

It was while Bob was in Florida making "Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef" that one of Twentieth's more executive executives marched grimly into his office one Monday morning. "Take a memo," he said to his secretary, "Rush."

The memorandum was addressed to Robert Webb who was directing the picture. It concerned Robert Wagner. "As you know, Bob Wagner is one of our most valuable star properties," the executive began. "It's extremely important that you keep an eye on him. For heaven's sake, bring him back alive. . . ."

The secretary broke in, "This should have gone out last week," she said.

"Why?" Her employer's voice trembled.

She handed him the morning paper. In it was an account of how Bob had narrowly escaped drowning in Florida's Anclote River. The location company had been re-staging Greek Gold Cross Day. Along with several dozen local lads, Bob had dived into the river in an attempt to retrieve the cross. During the scramble, one of the divers had accidentally kicked him in the stomach and knocked the breath out of him. He was being carried downstream by the Anclote's swift current when he was rescued by an alert crew member.

"Never mind the memo," moaned the executive, "Make it a wire!"

Needless to say, R.J. was welcomed back from the sea by a studio full of relieved minds. And when he stopped by to thank the memorandum-writing executive for his concern, the man said, "There's something I'd like to know. How's your family taken this for all these years? Don't they worry?"

"Sure they do," replied Bob. "The way any mother and father worry. But I can't run my whole life on the idea that I'm going to get hurt. A person can get hurt just walking through a door."

The executive nodded in agreement. The boy was right. If you're Bob Wagner you don't even need to walk through that door to meet danger—it'll come to you! But who can help worrying? THE END

Are you in the know?

If a friend's ex-steady wants to date you—

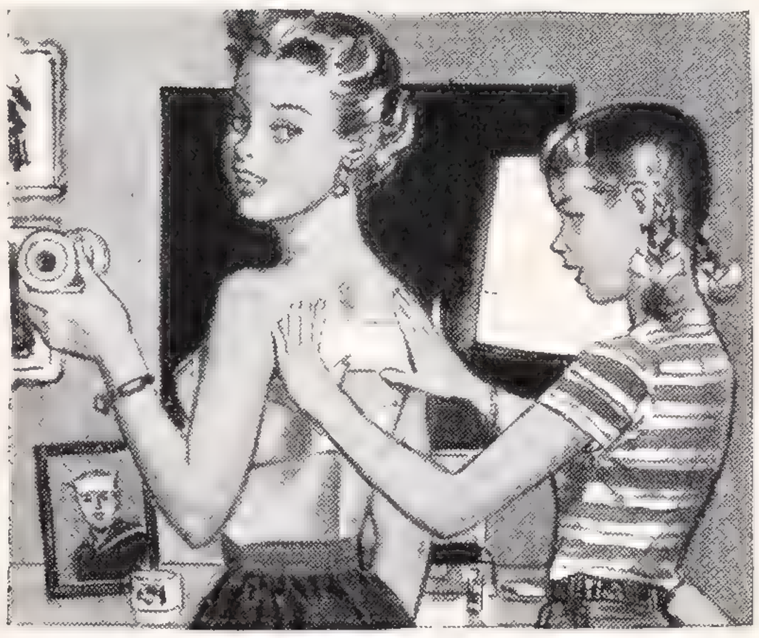
☐ *Grab the guy* ☐ *Get the facts* ☐ *Be sly*

Secretly, you've been green-eyed about him—tho' as Sally's beau he was "mustn't touch." But they've broken up; and now you hear the "all clear" (you t-h-e-e-n-k). Listen again. Get the facts—from *Sally*. Is she still torching for him? Then he's still off-limits, unless you'd *like* being the town's meanest moll! You're all clear, confidence-wise, when you rout certain days' discomfort with Kotex. For softness unlimited, Kotex *holds its shape*.

Who rates best with Brain Boy

☐ *A Charleston whiz* ☐ *Paper doll* ☐ *Giggler*

He's the intellectual type—and you're smitten, but chatter-shy. Don't fret. Days before your date, start scanning the newspapers; get a line on world topics to show you're alert, save the conversation from bogging down. But on calendar days, you need never get a line—the telltale kind. Trust those *flat, pressed ends* of Kotex. And this napkin gives extra *protection*.



Is she getting first aid for—

☐ *Skiers' backache* ☐ *School-girl slump*

Before those shoulders droop again, here's a posture plan you can really stick to! Put a strip of adhesive tape across your shoulders: good reminder to keep 'em on the square. And next time you need sanitary protection, remind yourself to try *all 3 absorbencies* of Kotex. There's one just for *you* . . . Regular, Junior or Super.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Want to get "certain" facts straight?

☐ *Ask Sis* ☐ *See a librarian* ☐ *Read "V.P.Y."*

Hazy about what happens and why—at "that" time? Read "Very Personally Yours"—the new, *free* booklet filled with easy-to-understand facts, plus lively illustrations. Hints on diet, exercise, grooming . . . do's and dont's a girl should *know*. Send for your copy today. FREE! Address P.O. Box 3434, Dept. 1214, Chicago 54, Ill.

(*Continued from page* 41)
make it awfully fast in Hollywood and she sees her best years going unrewarded, except for expenses. As an indication, Marilyn's salary is now $750.00 a week. She collected something like $15,000 for "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Jane Russell, her co-star, was no more important in the film, but Twentieth paid Howard Hughes, Jane's boss, $250,000 for the same picture. No, sir, Marilyn is *not* happy about her career right now!

Rumor: *"Ann Blyth is lucky in having married a man who wants her to go ahead full blast with her career . . ."*

Fact: It's true that Ann is lucky in getting the man she did. No doubt of that. But, believe us, her career is and always will be secondary to her home and family. Ann will work *only* when it does not interfere with the bearing and raising of the large family she and Dr. Jim McNulty have already planned. She won't abandon the screen entirely until that family gets big enough to require her full time—but on that day she will quit. Ann likes to act, but her whole life has been a big wish for a husband and kids. That is what she really wants. So don't miss any of her pictures. There may not be too many more.

Rumor: *"Pier Angeli seems to have gotten over Kirk Douglas very nicely and they are now the best of platonic friends . . ."*

Fact: Nonsense! It will take Pier and her family some little time to get over the flash-in-the-pan business with Kirk. They just don't understand what happened. It was the family's first experience with a hit-and-run-artist. Pier was really in love and, to give the devil his due, Kirk might have been, too. But while he had no real intention of marrying, Pier did. She is deeply unhappy and resentful about the whole affair and may very well crawl back into the shell she wore when she first came to Hollywood. The name Kirk Douglas in the Angeli household is poison!

Rumor: *"Bing Crosby returned to the Paramount lot the other day looking fit as a fiddle. Bing has a long list of pictures he'll do in the next three years . . ."*

Fact: Some time this winter, or in the early spring, you will pick up your paper and read that Bing Crosby officially retires from motion pictures. He will devote the rest of his professional life to occasional radio and television programs—and the private part of it to easy living and maybe a little romance. Actually, Bing is one of the richest men in America. He has been making films for years only to assure his brother and other members of the family a good income through Bing Crosby Enterprises. This company has now strayed far afield from movies, is deep in electronics for the government, and filthy rich in oil. The crooner doesn't have to croon the company's coffers full any more. Another thing is that Bing is a bit older than his published age—and he wants to cut out the hard work for fun. His last objective was to secure the futures of his sons. Now they are all independently wealthy—and Bing's work is done. You'll read about it.

Rumor: *"Judy Garland is once again back in tip-top condition and sailing along on a career that promises to be bigger and better than ever . . ."*

Fact: It's too bad, but this is not so. Judy's personal life is happier now than it's ever been. She's very content with Sid Luft and they're just as compatible as a man and woman can be. However, professionally, Judy is still in trouble. Picture-wise, at least. Despite what you might hear to the contrary, Judy has been having a bad time keeping her weight down for "A Star Is Born," and when she has to reduce she's a victim of nerves. That halted her career at M-G-M, and it appears it might again. Some said "A Star Is Born" would never be finished. Others that it would be, but it'd take a long, long time, with frequent layoffs for Judy. In any event, the grind may well convince Judy that films are not for her—and she may devote her talents to less grueling tasks from now on. We'd say a season on the stage each year, a few records and a bit of radio.

Rumor: *"Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons had a wonderful lark shopping to get Stewart off to England for 'Beau Brummel.' They were pleased actually, at this vacation from marriage . . ."*

Fact: The Stewart Grangers have the happy faculty of not paying any attention to what they read about themselves in the newspapers—and that includes divorce rumors. But they did not have the slightest bit of fun getting Stewart ready for England. For a number of reasons, Stewart was very angry that Jean did not chuck it all and go with him. He just didn't want to leave her here alone. But a lot of money was at stake and a contract with RKO that demanded Jean's presence in Hollywood on call. She felt she'd be an idiot to go away and forfeit the money. This stirred up a misunderstanding (a nice mild word) between them. We have a feeling it will all work out nicely, but at the moment their tempers are not in what could be called a settled condition.

Rumor: *"It looks like wedding bells any day now for Dan Dailey and Gwen O'Connor. But Donald doesn't care—he has Marilyn Erskine . . ."*

Fact: This opinion is as wrong as a weather prediction. In the first place, Dan Dailey is not in love with Gwen O'Connor—and if he were it wouldn't make much difference, because he has sworn many times he'll never marry again. We believe him. And Donald O'Connor is not in love with Marilyn Erskine. As a matter of fact, he's already given her back to the field. Donald is, however, still in love with Gwen and, as his pals will tell you, carrying a blazer and biding his time. Our bet is that one day Donald and Gwen will marry again and have the joy of raising their daughter together.

Rumor: *"The marriage between Lana Turner and Lex Barker was no surprise to their friends . . ."*

Fact: Baloney! The relationship between Lana and Lex had been as shaky as a treed raccoon for more than six months. And their marriage was a spur of the moment thing that actually *shocked* their friends. As a matter of fact, Lana went to Rome to see another man—and Lex chased her. He apparently did a good job of talking. We can tell you that more than anything else Lana wants more children, so you can look for this marriage to bear prompt fruit—if Lana and her tree-swinging hubby can get past the first few months without a major scuffle. A chap we won't name is carrying around a heavy heart and an astonished expression because of Lana's sudden leap into matrimony.

Rumor: *"Despite the announcement of a separation, the Gregory Pecks will try for a reconciliation . . ."*

Fact: Forget it. It has been amusing to this writer that the press treatment of the Peck affair hasn't been more definitive. As you read a few weeks ago, Greg and his wife have been out of step since last January, and here's why: When Greta went to Europe in 1952 to visit her husband she learned that his reported amours with other women weren't all exaggerated gossip. But she thought he'd stop when she got there. He didn't, so they had a long talk in a Paris hotel suite and they agreed that Greta would take the kids home and Daddy would come back this Christmas for a reconciliation with her and the kids. In the meantime, Greg continued to live like a bachelor and made no bones about his regard for Audrey Hepburn, with whom he had made "Roman Holiday." Greg will be back home for Christmas more than likely, but he'll be busier talking to divorce lawyers than looking for Christmas trees. Only a minor miracle could save this marriage from crumbling—and for our money, miracles are out of season in the Peck family.

THE END

What's Valentine's Day Without a Man?

Photoplay brings you an

entire album full—

Hollywood's Most Eligible Bachelors

in pictures

in the February issue

At your newsstand January 8

Casts of Current Pictures

ILL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT—M-G-M. Directed by Richard Thorpe: *Joel Shore,* Robert Taylor; *Mark Shore,* Stewart Granger; *Prisilla Holt,* Ann Blyth; *Native Girl,* Betta St. John; *Silva,* Keenan Wynn; *Fetcher,* James Whitmore; *Quint,* Kurt Kasznar; *Capt. Holt,* Lewis Stone; *Asa Vorthen,* Robert Burton; *James Finch,* Peter Whitey; *Dick Morrell,* John Lupton; *Carter,* Jonathan Cott; *Cook,* Mitchell Lewis; *Aaron Burnham,* James Bell; *Peter How,* Leo Gordon; *Varde,* Michael Pate; *Smith,* Clancy Cooper; *Stevenson,* Frank deKova; *Jones,* Henry Rowland.

APPOINTMENT IN HONDURAS—RKO. Directed by Jacques Tourneur: *Steve Corbett,* Glenn Ford; *Sylvia Sheppard,* Ann Sheridan, *Harry Sheppard,* Zachary Scott; *Reyes,* Rodolfo Acosta; *Castro,* Jack Elam; *Jiminez,* Ric Roman; *Bermudez,* Rico Alaniz; *Luis,* Paul Zaramba; *Captain McTaggert,* Stanley Andrews.

BOTANY BAY—Paramount. Directed by John Farrow: *Hugh Tallant,* Alan Ladd; *Captain Gilbert,* James Mason; *Sally Munroe,* Patricia Medina; *Gov. Phillips,* Sir Cedric Hardwicke; *Rev. Thynne,* Murray Matheson; *Mrs. Nellie Garth,* Dorothy Patten; *Nat Garth,* John Hardy; *Ned Inching,* Hugh Pryse; *Nick Sabb,* Malcolm Lee Beggs; *Moll Cudlip,* Anita Bolster; *Oakley,* Jonathan Harris, *Jenkins,* Alec Harford; *3rd Mate Spencer,* Noel Drayton; *Guard,* Brendan Toomey; *1st Mate Green,* Ben Wright; *Doctor,* Bruce Payne; *Sailor,* Harry Martin; *Boatswain Mate,* Patrick Aherne; *Old Woman Prisoner,* Margaret Brewster.

CALAMITY JANE—Warners. Directed by David Butler: *Calamity Jane,* Doris Day; *Wild Bill Hickok,* Howard Keel; *Katie Brown,* Allyn McLerie; *Lt. Gilmartin,* Philip Carey; *Francis Fryer,* Dick Wesson; *Henry Miller,* Paul Harvey; *Rattlesnake,* Chubby Johnson; *Adelaide Adams,* Gale Robbins.

FLIGHT TO TANGIER—Paramount. Directed by Charles Marquis Warren; *Susan,* Joan Fontaine; *Gil Walker,* Jack Palance; *Nicole,* Corrinne Calvet; *Danzar,* Robert Douglas; *Goro,* Marcel Dalio; *Colonel Wier,* Jeff Morrow; *Lt. Luzon,* Richard Shannon; *Franz Kovac,* Murray Matheson; *Tirera,* John Doucette; *Hank Brady,* John Pickard; *Dullah,* James Anderson; *2nd Morrocan,* Don Dunning; *Luzon's Policeman;* Bob Templeton; *1st Morrocan,* Eric Alden; *Hanrah,* Peter Coe; *Rosario,* Madeleine Holmes; *Kalferez,* John Wengraf; *Wasil,* Otto Waldis; *Policeman in car,* Jerry Paris; *Greek Girl,* Karin Vengay; *Spanish Girl,* Pilar Del Ray.

GENEVIEVE—Rank, U-I. Directed by Henry Cornelius: *Alan,* John Gregson; *Wendy,* Dinah Sheridan; *Ambrose Claverhouse,* Kenneth More; *Rosalind Peters,* Kay Kendall; *First Speed Cop,* Geoffrey Keen; *Second Speed Cop,* Harold Siddons; *Hotel Proprietress,* Joyce Grenfell; *Elderly Gentleman,* Arthur Wontner.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—Lopert Film. Directed by Sidney Gilliat: *W. S. Gilbert,* Robert Morley; *Arthur Sullivan,* Maurice Evans; *Helen 'Lenoir' D'Oyly Carte,* Eileen Herlie; *Richard D'Oyly Carte,* Peter Finch; *George Grossmith,* Martyn Green; *Grace Marston,* Dinah Sheridan; *Mrs. Gilbert,* Isabel Dean; *Mr. Marston,* Wilfrid Hyde White; *Queen Victoria,* Muriel Aked; *Louis,* Michael Ripper; *Joseph Bennett,* Lloyd Lamble; *Cellier,* Richard Warner; *Letty,* Perlita Neilson; *Charlotte,* Charlotte Mitchell; *Millicent,* Stella Riley; *Smythe,* Leonard Sachs.

GLASS WEB, THE—U-I. Directed by Jack Arnold: *Henry Hayes,* Edward G. Robinson; *Don Newell,* John Forsythe; *Paula Ranier,* Kathleen Hughes; *Louise Newell,* Marcia Henderson; *Dave Markson,* Richard Denning; *Lt. Stevens,* Hugh Sanders; *Bob Warren,* Clark Howat; *Everett,* Dick Stewart; *Jake,* Harry Tyler; *Jimmy Newell,* Duncan Richardson; *Barbara Newell,* Jeri Lou James.

GUN FURY—Columbia. Directed by Rauol Walsh: *Ben Warren,* Rock Hudson; *Jennifer Ballard,* Donna Reed; *Frank Slayton,* Phil Carey; *Estella Morales,* Roberta Haynes; *"Jess" Burges,* Leo Gordon; *Blinky,* Lee Marvin; *Brazos,* Neville Brand; *Doc,* Ray Thomas; *Curly Jordan,* Robert Herron; *Jim Morse,* Phil Rawlins; *Weatherby,* Forrest Lewis; *Westy,* John Cason; *Vincente,* Don Carlos; *Johash,* Pat Hogan; *Pete Barratto,* Mel Welles; *Billy Whiskers,* Post Park.

HERE COME THE GIRLS—Paramount. Directed by Claude Binyon: *Stanley Snodgrass,* Bob Hope; *Allen Trent,* Tony Martin; *Irene Bailey,* Arlene Dahl; *Daisy Crockett,* Rosemary Clooney; *Albert Snodgrass,* Millard Mitchell; *Dennis Logan,* William Demarest; *Harry Fraser,* Fred Clark; *Jack the Slasher,* Robert Strauss; *Mrs. Snodgrass,* Zamah Cunningham; *Mr. Hungerford,* Frank Orth; *Specialty Dancer,* Inesita.

KISS ME KATE—M-G-M. Directed by George Sidney: *Lilli Vanessi "Katherine,"* Kathryn Grayson; *Fred Graham "Petruchio,"* Howard Keel; *Lois Lane "Bianca,"* Ann Miller; *Lippy,* Keenan Wynn; *"Gremio,"* Bobby Van; *Bill Calhoun "Lucentio,"* Tommy Rall; *Slug,* James Whitmore; *"Baptista,"* Kurt Kasznar; *"Hortensio,"* Bob Fosse; *Cole Porter,* Ron Randell; *Tex Callaway,* Willard Parker; *Ralph,* Dave O'Brien; *Paul,* Claud Allister; *Suzanne,* Ann Codee; *Specialty Dancers,* Carol Haney, Jeanne Coyne.

MURDER ON MONDAY—Mayer-Kingsley. Directed by Ralph Richardson: *David Preston,* Ralph Richardson; *Janet Preston,* Margaret Leighton; *Dr. Sparling,* Jack Hawkins; *Inspector Hemingway,* Campbell Singer; *Major Watson,* Michael Shepley; *Mrs. Watson,* Margaret Withers; *Mr. Petherbridge,* Frederick Piper; *Peggy Dobson,* Meril Forbes.

SHARK RIVER—U.A. Directed by John Rawlins: *Dan Webley,* Steve Cochran; *Jane Daugherty,* Carole Mathews; *Clay Webley,* Warren Stevens; *Curtis Parker,* Robert Cunningham; *Johnny Daugherty,* Spencer Fox; *Mrs. Daugherty,* Ruth Foreman.

STEEL LADY, THE—U.A. Directed by E. A. DuPont: *Mike Monohan,* Rod Cameron; *Billy Larsen,* Tab Hunter; *Syd Barlow,* John Dehner; *Jim Evans,* Richard Erdman; *Mustapha El Melek,* John Abbott; *Sheik Taras,* Frank Puglia; *Zagora,* Anthony Caruso; *Ibrahim,* Christopher Dark; *Sanderson,* Dick Rich; *Radio Operator,* Charles Victor; *Dancer,* Carmen d'Antonio.

THUNDER OVER THE PLAINS—Warners. Directed by Andre de Toth: *Capt. David Porter,* Randolph Scott; *Capt. Bill Hodges,* Lex Barker; *Norah,* Phyllis Kirk; *Ben Westman,* Charles McGraw; *Lt. Col. Chandler,* Henry Hull; *Standish,* Elisha Cook, Jr.; *Balfour,* Hugh Sanders.

TUMBLEWEED—U-I. Directed by Nathan Juran: *Jim Harvey,* Audie Murphy; *Laura,* Lori Nelson; *Sheriff Tub Murchoree,* Chill Wills; *Louella Buckley,* K. T. Stevens; *Lam Blandon,* Russell Johnson; *Sarah Blandon,* Madge Meredith; *Nick Buckley,* Roy Roberts; *Ted,* Stan Jolley; *Marv,* Lee Van Cleef; *Aquila,* Ralph Moody; *Seth Blandon,* Ross Elliott.

WALKING MY BABY BACK HOME—U-I. Directed by Lloyd Bacon: *Jigger Millard,* Donald O'Connor; *Chris Hall,* Janet Leigh; *"Blimp" Edwards,* Buddy Hackett; *Claire,* Lori Nelson; *Smiley,* "Scat Man" Crothers; *Mrs. Millard,* Kathleen Lockhart; *"Colonel" Wallace,* George Cleveland; *Rodney Millard,* John Hubbard; *Doc,* Norman Abbott; *Hank,* Phil Garris; *Henry Hall,* Walter Kingsford; *Walter Thomas,* Sidney Miller.

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(*Continued from page* 49)
exquisite gamin face, those hypnotic eyes, the most expressive dancer's hands since Renée Jeanmaire's, that smile like a rainbow after a summer shower. I thought: I should be more blasé about meeting actresses—after all, I *do* see and talk to so many of them on my rounds of the studios and the Sunset Strip salons!—and yet here I sit staring like a hick from Hicksville, and straining to hear every word Audrey utters in that thoaty, highly mannered half-Dutch, half-English voice, afraid to miss even a fleeting expression in those constantly moving, uptilted eyes.

Rosemary Clooney, a Paramount dazzler in her own right, had told me how shaken she had been when she first met Audrey: "It happened to me only once before, the day I met Bing Crosby for the first time. I had seen 'Roman Holiday' and was frightened to death at the prospect of meeting such a great artist as Miss Hepburn. And then, all of a sudden, we were being introduced! I wanted to tell her how much I had enjoyed her work in the picture; instead, I was so nervous I couldn't talk. I actually stumbled—and then I fell out of the door of her dressing room!"

Well, I was feeling that way too. But despite my ill-concealed awe, I went to work with a few questions.

First of all, what about the Peck story? Audrey's eyes twinkled and then she rubbed them and said, "So *this* is smog! Golly, the fog in London never affected my eyes like this."

I persisted: "You must have read the columns and noticed how they've been linking your name with Peck's."

She grew serious. "Yes, I know all about those stories. Who starts them? And how could they be true, especially when I'm so friendly with Gregory's wife, Greta? I saw her coming out of Romanoff's the other day, and she asked me to spend next Sunday swimming in the pool at her home. Does *that* sound like I'm a home-breaker?"

I agreed that it didn't and then asked, "When is Greg coming home from Europe?" She said, "I really don't know."

I asked her to describe her first meeting with Peck and to tell me what she thought of him. Her eyes lit up as she replied: "I first met Gregory just before 'Roman Holiday' started shooting in Rome. It was at a little cocktail party that Paramount gave for the cast and crew before the picture rolled. My first impression of him? Well, it's awfully hard for a person to talk about movie stars, especially one as big as Gregory Peck whom I had seen and admired in so many movies. But I remember thinking, 'He's even better-looking off the screen than on!'

"I might have said hello to him when we were introduced—I think I did, as a matter of fact!—although there were so many people standing around talking I can't be sure. It seems to me now that I couldn't speak at all, as though I were tongue-tied. It was just too much. You must remember that I had just arrived in Rome and here I was making a movie with a great star like Gregory Peck and a great director like William Wyler—oh, well, it was just more than I could bear!

"I must say, though, that I was enchanted with Gregory"—she seemed to caress the name as she said it—"because he was so marvelously normal, so genuine, so downright *real!* There's nothing of the 'making-like-a-star' routine, no phoniness in him. He's down-to-earth, full of real simplicity, utterly kind to everybody, a gentleman and a real professional worker."

Whew! Well, I had asked the question—and I had sure enough gotten an answer! And she still had no idea of how the stories about a romance had started?

"None whatsoever!" she exclaimed. "What do *you* think started them?"

"Maybe," I suggested meekly, "They might have cropped up when some other interviewer mistook your admiration for Peck as being more personal than professional." She batted her long, long lashes and said, very seriously, "That could very well be," and that was the end of *that*.

She's twenty-four years old. Sometimes her eyes are brown and sometimes they're green. On this particular smoggy morning in Hollywood, she wore only a splash of lipstick and no other make-up, a man's checked shirt, a full, black skirt and ballet slippers. And she smoked Gold Flake Cigarettes—that's an English brand—in a long filter cigarette holder. She wore the shirt very interestingly: it wasn't buttoned at all but the two front shirttails were gathered together, wrapped around her waist Mexican-style and safety-pinned in the rear. "Shirts are so useful," she explained. "All you do is wash and iron them."

"You wash and iron them yourself?"

"Myself."

She also wore Italian loop earrings and her hair was cut very short, even shorter than it was after the actor who played the hairdresser in "Roman Holiday" had finished chopping it off so recklessly!

Although not related to Katharine Hepburn, Audrey has more than her name in common with Katie. Both are angular, lissome and tousle-haired. And both are talented! Audrey is causing the same kind of flurry that Katharine did with her first movie appearance. And she is well on her way to living up to the high-flown predictions that success will smile on her as sunnily as it has smiled on Katie.

Audrey, like Katie, is definite and positive. She doesn't say one thing and mean something else. She comes right out with what she has on her mind and the devil take the hindmost!

She's equally strong-minded about which questions she wants to answer and which she doesn't. She'll take just so much prying and no more. For instance, I asked what play she is going to do after she finishes her next picture, "Sabrina Fair." She said, "I don't want to answer that." When I asked, "Why?" She said, "Well, I'm superstitious about talking about a part before I get it. But I'll let you know when and if I do get it!" I respected her for that, although I must say I made a few phone calls after the interview and found out elsewhere that what she meant was Gilbert Miller's planned Broadway presentation of the London stage hit, "The Confidential Clerk."

To get back to her physical attributes, her face is the most enchanting part of this sophisticated imp known as Audrey Hepburn. It's oval and high-cheekboned. It's angular and yet it's soft.

Looking at her that morning, curled up on the tangerine sofa in her dressing room, with PHOTOPLAY's photographer, Phil Stern, flashing bulbs at her, I thought, "A very smart cookie . . . with an air of untouchableness about her. A fellow will think twice before he grabs hold of Audrey and tries to kiss her. She's the kind of girl you want to protect—and yet she gives the impression that she can take care of herself in almost any kind of tight squeeze. She'll either talk herself out of it or slither out of it! It's hard to imagine her walking into a room and knocking over a piece of furniture."

We talked of her career to date, of how the enchanting and talented actress had flashed to stardom on the stage in Broadway's "Gigi" two years ago, when she was a mere twenty-two. After eight months in New York, she had flown to Italy to do "Roman Holiday." She spent four months making the picture. Then she flew back to New York, rehearsed for the road tour of "Gigi," did eight months on the road, including a month in Los Angeles, finished it in San Francisco last May and then went back to England for a two-month siesta.

That's the story of Audrey's American career. But she had already won considerable success abroad before making her U. S. debut on Broadway on September 24, 1951. She made her stage debut in the chorus of "High Button Shoes" in London in 1948, and followed that with dancing roles in two more British stage musicals, "Sauce Tartare" and "Sauce Piquante." The refreshing charm of her antics in these shows resulted in a small part in the British movie, "Laughter in Paradise." This led to roles in "The Lavender Hill Mob," with Alec Guinness, in "The Young Wives' Tale," in "The Secret People" and "We're from Monte Carlo."

It was while she was on location on the French Riviera for "Monte Carlo" that Colette, the famous French novelist, saw her and ended the then feverish search for a "Gigi." Both Gilbert Miller and Anita Loos had been combing Broadway, Hollywood, London and Paris for a young actress capable of portraying the title role. The aging Colette was sure she saw her Gigi as she watched Audrey do a scene in the lobby of Monte Carlo's Hotel de Paris.

The part Fate played in bringing Audrey to stage stardom may partially account for her philosophy that it's silly to worry about the future. She's sure that if you do your best every day and learn all you can about your profession, big things are bound to come your way. Audrey knows that a star *must* be a consistently good performer who knows all the angles of her craft. So she continues to work and study, with perfection as her goal.

"If anything bad happens to my career it won't be the fault of any handling I've had," she says, "because to start with, I have a wonderful seven-picture contract with Paramount, with twelve months off between pictures. That gives me time to do stage work, and I terribly much want to continue on the stage as well as in pictures. My bosses here at Paramount realize I am very sincere about the stage. I'm that way because I feel I wouldn't last long if I were to do pictures only. I have learned the little I know about acting from my stage work. I think I'll continue to learn from the stage. Apart from that, I adore the stage and would be very unhappy to leave it altogether."

I reminded her that only a few months previously, while she was appearing here in Los Angeles in "Gigi" and prior to the release of "Roman Holiday," Hollywood columnists and reporters had not been too eager to meet her. As a matter of fact, Paramount had had to beg a number of newspaper people to take free tickets to see her in the play. She laughed, "It's not very nice of you to remind me of that!"

But now she's back in Hollywood, and in triumph, living in a little two-room apartment on Wilshire Boulevard. "You won't print my address, will you?" she asked—as though I would! I answered her question with another: "What's the matter, afraid of Hollywood wolves?" She giggled and said, "Are there such things? Gosh, if there are, I'm no draw—because I just haven't run across any."

"What about New York and London wolves?" I wanted to know.

"Look, if you really want to know, I hink all men, at least all the men I've net, are harmless. Actually, I've never yet ıad to fight off a man!"

I asked her about James Hanson, the hirty-one-year-old British trucking exec-ıtive who was once her fiance. "We lecided this was the wrong time to get ıarried," she said. "I've told you my sched-ıle: a movie here in Hollywood, then back o the stage, then back to Hollywood, and o forth. He would be spending most of ıis time taking care of his business in England and in Canada. It would be very ıifficult for us to lead a normal married ife. Other people have tried it but it has ıever worked. So we decided to call it off.)h, maybe sometime in the future—but not ow, not for a while."

Her childhood? She's of Scottish and)utch parentage. Born in Brussels, she was ent to an English boarding school when he was a child. She speaks English, Dutch, 'rench and a smattering of German and talian. She's studied ballet, piano, music istory and analysis, harmony, dance his-ory and theory. Though she's had no igh-school or college education as we now it, she's had more than the equiva-ent from tutors.

Shortly before the outbreak of World Var II, Audrey was taken to Arnheim, Iolland, by her mother, Ella van Heem-tra van Ufford Hepburn, and remained here throughout the war years. It was at ballet school in Arnheim in 1940, when he was eleven, that she was first exposed o the theatre—in a ballet school exercise. Ier first public performance was in a show et up to raise funds for the Dutch under-round in its fight against the Nazis.

"After the battle of Arnheim, the city vas evacuated," Audrey continues, "and ıy mother and two half-brothers and ıyself were moved out into the country, vhere I danced and taught other young-ters nearby to dance.

"Seven months after the big battle, Hol-ınd was liberated for good, but mother nd I had an awful time getting out of Hol-ınd. Mother is Dutch. My father is Scot-ish but mother had divorced him when I vas six years old and I haven't seen him ince. He lives in Ireland. Before that, ıother had been married to a Dutchman, he father of my half-brothers, Alexander nd Ian Quarles van Ufford. Anyway, we had an awful fuss with the Dutch and British embassies over my Belgian-Scottish-Dutch background, but finally we got visas and made it over to England.

"Why did we want to go to England? Well, my mother believed in my talent. She had always said, 'You can do it, Audrey, if you want to badly enough.'

"Don't misunderstand me about mother. She is anything but the 'typical stage mother.' Would you believe it, she has never been to a ballet class or rehearsal of mine! She has never even been on a movie set of mine. She has never been on location with me—excuse me, she was once, but just once, and that was only after I *begged* her to come and fetch me!"

They went from Holland to London to see Marie Rambert, who runs a ballet school. Their time was limited, because they had only ten dollars, just barely enough to feed them and keep them in a cheap hotel for three days.

Now comes one of the great parts of the saga of Audrey Hepburn: Marie Rambert, recognizing her talent, took her into her own home and housed and fed and schooled her for six months!

"I was always short of money," Audrey explains, "although I modeled and clerked and did all sorts of little odd jobs outside of school hours. My first class was at 10:00 A.M. and my last was at 6 P.M., so it was work, work, work, all day and into the night. Then came the chance to audition for 'High Button Shoes' and, although I had trained as a classical ballet dancer, with the full classical pulled-back hair-do and my feet turned out even when I went for a stroll down the street, I landed in the chorus of the musical comedy. I had been in London six months when I got it. And that was the beginning. I'm paying Marie back now."

Then I asked, "Are you planning to return to Europe soon?"

"If that play materializes I will go back to New York and do it on Broadway. If not, I'll probably go to London and do one there. Or I may even do another picture."

Audrey is loyal, to her friends and to her family. She told me about Marcel Dalio, a character actor. "I was doing a scene with him in Monte Carlo when Colette saw me for the first time," she said. "And I'm so thrilled because Marcel is in 'Sabrina Fair' with me right here in Hollywood now!"

She told me about her half-brothers, Alexander and Ian, who both live in Indonesia. "I keep sending them books," said Audrey. "They read an awful lot and Indonesia seems to be very short of books. I am trying to talk Paramount into finding a script about Indonesia so that I can go over and make a movie and visit my brothers there."

I asked her what she's going to do with all the money she's bound to make in her new status as a top Hollywood star. Her answer was quick: "Invest it. I want a lot of security for my mother and myself. And with what's left over, I'll buy books."

Her mother didn't accompany her to Hollywood, she explained, "because there seemed so little point in bringing her yet. I get up at 6:00 A.M. and spend all day at the studio. She has no friends here and is completely unfamiliar with the town. I'm not too well acquainted either but I hope to be, and when I come back I'll bring her with me. Then too, I'm no good to anybody when I'm working. I'm like a machine and, because I throw myself into my work, I'm just not worth living with!"

I asked about hobbies. "I like to read, play records, swim and sunbathe," she says. "I would love to have a real hobby because everybody asks me if I have one. I think I'll have to develop one, a really interesting one—like shrinking heads! But my trouble is I'm almost always working. I've never had both money and time."

On the question of how it feels to be one of the hottest actresses in Hollywood since Garbo, Audrey says: "Now, really, that's like asking a man why he beats his wife!" She smiled. "Seriously, I can't say that I feel any different within myself. This sounds as though I'm not being grateful for all the thrilling things that are happening to me. I am tremendously happy about my success and very grateful when I think about its effect upon all those wonderful people who have helped me: my mother, my ballet and music teachers, the producers, directors and choreographers I have worked with, the people who have put me under contract, the agents who have guided me so wisely, the other actors and actresses who have advised and helped me—the people like Gilbert Miller, William Wyler and Gregory Peck.

"But I don't mean I am satisfied—that would be fatal! I know that, now that I've given what I'm told is a good performance, I'll be expected to do at least as well, if not better, in my next picture. I want to be ready to meet the challenge."

The interview was drawing to a close. What more could I ask her about—clothes, perfume?

"Fashions—I love 'em. I can't wait for the fashion magazines to come out so that I can see what everybody else is wearing. But I design all my own clothes and they're very simple.

"Perfume? You shouldn't ask that. It's a girl's secret. But I have two, one for daytime, one for evening. No girl should buy her own perfume. It's the one thing you should get from a beau. But ever since I've been able to afford it I've bought my own. Dreary, isn't it?

"Exercise? None, except that I run around a lot. I dance when I have time but I don't have much time nowadays.

"Books? I read anything, if it's well-written. But trivial reading? I just don't have the time.

"Food? Two large cups of coffee for breakfast, one large one for lunch, one after dinner, one just before bed—very pale. In between I guess I eat too, but not much."

And there you have flat-chested, slim-hipped, altogether un-Marilyn Monroe-ish Audrey Hepburn. But, as Jerry Lewis says —and Jerry works on the same lot with Audrey—"I like it, I like it!" THE END

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1953.
(SEAL)

TULLIO MUCELLI
Notary Public, State of New York, Qualified in Bronx County, No. 03-8045500. Certificates filed in Bronx and New York County Clerks and Registers Offices. (My commission expires March 30, 1954)

June Haver made a difficult decision, but she has the sympathy of all her friends

He doesn't look like a tough guy here, getting a hula, hula send-off after "The Caine Mutiny," but Van Johnson has the studio re-typing him!

INSIDE STUFF

Continued from page 25

The National Organization of Redheads and its secretary, Bethe Douglas, chose titian-haired Piper as "Redhead of the Year" to combat the story "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes and Marry Brunettes"

location in Canada. Between takes, while the world series was playing, an assistant rowed out to the raft with a portable radio—so Marilyn and Bob could listen! . . . Never a dull moment with Bing Crosby around. The day they started "White Christmas," he made quite an entrance. The groaner rode through the huge sound-stage door on the back of Rosemary Clooney's Great Dane, "Cuddles"!

Wishful Thinking: Someone at M-G-M got the bright idea of dusting off "Sally, Irene and Mary," an early-day Joan Crawford movie. The re-make would star Lana Turner, Ava Gardner and Rita Hayworth, *if* a miracle could get them together for one picture! . . . And Twentieth is still holding out hope that Bette Davis, in Massachusetts and well again, will realize Hollywood salaries have nose-dived. The studio wants her to play "Queen Elizabeth I" which she also wants to do —but at her price, not theirs.

Are We Ambitious! "If you want something, go after it," says Terry Moore, which is exactly what she did. The second Shirley Booth arrived in town to make "About Mrs. Leslie" for producer Hal Wallis, Terry appeared in his office and begged to be in the film. . . . And Barbara Stanwyck, who rushes from job to job, says she'll *only* make four pictures this year instead of her customary six!

It's True That: Debbie Reynolds, who has done such tremendous good-will work for M-G-M and the industry, wants more money. Her small salary has never been adjusted since she started at the studio. . . . Piper Laurie has been voted "The Redhead of the Year." Good voting: her titian-tresses do not come out of a bottle. . . . Joanne Dru's three children l Dick Haymes were christened in · tl Presbyterian church recently. And school, the oldest girl insists on goi under the name of "Pigeon" Ireland, b cause she is so crazy about step-fath John Ireland. . . . "Choose Your Star winner Pat Crowley isn't the sexy type a wishes Paramount would lay off the chees cake. . . . Rita Hayworth and Dick Haym realize the power of a good press. Aft their wedding they recorded an intervie with famous columnist and PHOTOPL writer Sheilah Graham. Then the engine cracked the record! The pair came ba and re-recorded it.

Welcome Mat: June Haver who gave u $3,500 a week for life in a convent back in Hollywood again. She loved t religious life but lacked the physic strength to perform her duties. An Blyth's flowers and words of cheer we the first to arrive. Thousands of symp thetic letters pour in daily, for everyo knows June's decision was a hard one.

Last Laugh: About five years ago an u known actor tested with Joan Crawfor for a top role in "Flamingo Road." Wi ning it would have made him famou Alas, he was so inexperienced, directo Mike Curtiz stopped the test before was finished. Today the same actor is sta ring with Joan in "Johnny Guitar," h first Western. She was thrilled to dea when they signed—Scott Brady! . . . Aft twelve years in Hollywood, and a rece lull in his career, Van Johnson is comin back strong. His tough-guy role in "Th Caine Mutiny" has him in the running fo of all things, Westerns.

MOVIES

(*Continued from page 16*)

THE STEEL LADY
(U. A.)

Finally, Tab Hunter gets a part with a easonable amount of dignity, though his sn't really the lead. Rod Cameron heads n expedition scouting for oil in the Sa-ara, with Tab operating the radio and ther instruments, Richard Erdman pro-iding wisecracks and John Dehner mo-ients of unease, as a morose alcoholic. A andstorm puts their plane out of action, ut they're saved when the same wind nearths a tank left by Rommel's retreat-ng men. This, "The Steel Lady," carries hem toward civilization—and into a brawl ith Arabs seeking gems stolen by Nazis.

erdict: Wild adventure story that moves t a fast clip (Family)

GENEVIEVE
(RANK, U-I; TECHNICOLOR)

The wacky ways of the hobbyists are he basis for a British comedy that ranges rom sly marital sidelights to farce to lapstick. Affable John Gregson, a lawyer, as a passion for ancient automobiles—a nania not shared by his wife, lovely Dinah heridan. But, to keep the peace, she oes on the annual jaunt to Brighton board his 1904-model car, fondly named enevieve. Also in the cavalcade are fel-ow enthusiast Kenneth More and his lat-st girl-friend, statuesque Kay Kendall. he action winds up in a wild race be-ween vintage vehicles.

erdict: Feather-light foolishness done ith considerable charm (Adult)

MURDER ON MONDAY
(MAYER-KINGSLEY)

Whodunit fans addicted to the leisurely ritish style should enjoy this England-ade movie. Thanks to Ralph Richardson, oth director and star, it's acted with the reatest skill, in every detail. But the lot is long ragged-out, and it contains ne glaring flaw. Richardson's a quiet lerk who, through amnesia, loses a day ut of his life. During the missing hours, murder was committed, and even ichardson considers himself a logical uspect. Wife Margaret Leighton and fam-y doctor Jack Hawkins help in the search or the truth.

erdict: First-rate acting in a slow-paced nglish mystery (Family)

THUNDER OVER THE PLAINS
(WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR)

The Texas of the carpet-bag era be-omes the scene of a good Randolph Scott Western. Southern by birth, but a Union rmy vet, Scott heads an occupation force nd combats both Yankee plunderers and he Texans who form vigilante-like out-aw bands. The discontent felt by the ero's gently bred wife (Phyllis Kirk) in his wild country furnishes a secondary heme. Lex Barker, as Scott's rash sub-rdinate, hinders him and covets his wife.

erdict: Lively Dixie Western (Family)

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(*Continued from page* 51)
and Jess Barker—no matter what they say—aren't happy. And neither are Jeff and his wife, Marjorie. It's interesting to speculate on what would have happened if they'd kept that boy-meets-girl flame from flickering out. But it's too late now."

It was then. But now it isn't. For when Jess Barker and Susan quarrelled so violently that Sunday night, their marriage—as of that moment—was over. And, curiously enough, at almost the same time, Jeff and Marjorie Chandler announced that their two-year-old attempt at reconciliation hadn't worked.

So it was natural for that handful of informed insiders, even though none of them was a mathematician, to put two and two together and arrive at four. Nothing now stood in the way of a revival of that long dormant romance.

One thing must, however, be made crystal-clear. Their teen-age Brooklyn romance had absolutely nothing to do with the breaking up of these two marriages. For while Jeff Chandler, when he was separated from Marge for the first time in 1951, became somewhat of a minor Casanova for seven months—squiring such important stars about as Ann Sheridan, Linda Darnell, Joan Crawford, Piper Laurie and many others—no one ever saw him with Susan. Never has that glamorous Brooklyn redhead allowed a wisp of scandal to shadow her marriage.

In the star-spangled city, a curious custom obtains. The moment film personalities cut themselves from the confining yoke of marriage via a statement to the press, they rush into the joys of single life.

So it was merely routine for columnists to scribble that six-foot-four Jeff was offering Susan his mammoth Brooklyn shoulder to cry on, that is when he wasn't regaling Joan Crawford with his newly-discovered singing voice.

Quickly Susan Hayward had her answer for the press: "Jeff Chandler isn't divorced. I can assure you I'm *not* going out with a married man, even if he is separated from his wife."

For his part, Jeff Chandler reported: "I am not having dates with Susan Hayward. Nor with Joan Crawford. Columnists have nothing to write about on certain dull days so they dream up these stories."

Now everyone knows that the beauteous Susan Hayward is a great dramatic actress, acknowledged to be one of the town's finest, But the greatest acting she ever did over the years was in her press interviews when she'd vow, again and again, "Jess and I are happy. Our marriage is the best thing about us."

Naturally, during this present unhappy period of waiting for Jess Barker to accept the property settlement she wants him to accept, Susan is understandably careful about anything which might influence him in the divorce negotiations.

But recently, quite by accident, an incident occurred which doesn't altogether bear out Susan's protestations. The columns reported that Susan, an avid Dodger fan, was off to see the World Series in New York, accompanied by her twin boys and her hairdresser and long-time friend, Emmy Eckhart. As it happened, I was seeing my sister off on the same plane at the Los Angeles International Airport. Jeff Chandler was at the airport too.

Of course, the long arm of coincidence might have been working overtime and he might have been seeing someone else off. But he was chatting with a woman I recognized as Emmy Eckhart. Obviously Jeff, who has a well-developed eye for the ladies, wasn't out there to wave good-bye to middle-aged Mrs. Eckhart. In fact, come to think of it, it's odd that he should even know her.

A second incident took place not long afterwards. A Hollywood column carried a report based on a conversation with Susan immediately after her return from New York and the World Series. Jeff Chandler called the columnist to check the source of the news. "Is Susan back from New York already?" he asked forthrightly. "I want to call her."

And shortly after that, Susan and Jeff stopped making a secret of their dates, began to be seen together in public.

They have much in common—these two: a background of poverty geared to the tempo of the tenements; early adjustment to life's seamier realities, which has resulted in emotional maturity for both; an overwhelming ambition to perfect their acting techniques; financial security after uncomfortable closeness to actual malnutrition during their early Hollywood days. They have both known the heartaches and the torments of broken marriage as well as the joys of parenthood.

Susan, then Edythe Marrener, part-Irish, part-French and part-Scotch, was born in Flatbush thirty-three years ago. Her father was a subway laborer who had earlier been a Coney Island barker; her grandmother was a famous Irish actress, Kate Harrigan; and her mother was an intensely emotional and dramatic woman who frequently climaxed arguments with her husband by extending her arm and saying "Go on, break it, break it . . ."

Jeff Chandler, born Ira Grossel thirty-four years ago in Brooklyn, was the son of Jewish immigrant parents, his father an Austrian silk salesman, his mother a Russian factory worker. When he was barely three, his parents, after constant bickering, divorced; and Jeff and his mother went to live with her parents while she tried to earn enough to support the son whom she loved above all else. Finally she opened a tiny candy store and Jeff helped her run it.

"That's why," he once explained, "I couldn't join the Footlighters, a dramatic club, when I was attending Erasmus Hall High School." But before that, while at P.S. 181, he had noticed an intensely feminine and moody little girl with a flaming mop of curly red hair. Already Susan gave promise of her future exquisite beauty but a certain belligerence in her manner, a standoffish quality kept her from being popular, though admiring glances were frequently turned her way. Jeff's deep-socket brown eyes already bore the trace of melancholy which adds so much to the quality of animal magnetism he was later to exploit so successfully.

"I wanted more than anything to be an actor," Jeff recalls, "but I didn't know how to go about it. "Then the teacher gave me a part in a minor scene from Shakespeare. I felt more than a little foolish about the whole thing because I had to brandish a pointer and pretend it was a sword. I was very shy and I died inside when the kids laughed. But I noticed one girl staring big-eyed, not smiling. She was Susan—and right then and there I fell desperately in love with her. Another boy would have wangled a seat near her in the classroom. Not I.

"But I managed to get up enough nerve to talk to her after school that afternoon. 'You didn't laugh at me,' I said. 'No, she whispered. 'That's because I'm going to be an actress on Broadway when I grow up, and I know how you felt.' 'I'm going to be an actor, too,' I told her. 'But sometimes I think maybe I ought to be a commercial artist. Mama says it's easier to make a living.' 'Art is the thing I love second best, too,' Susan said. 'But no matter what or how long it takes I'm going to be an actress. I want to make enough money so I can have a car and take my mother for rides on Sunday in the park. I want to earn $75 a week!'

" 'Gosh, that's a lot of money,' I said.

"Susan had her answer ready: 'Daddy always says a person has got to fight for whatever he wants. You've got to be like a ball. The harder they hit you, the higher you'll bounce.' "

Jeff carried some of that same philosophy home with him. Susan was already playing leads in school plays, strongly encouraged by her teachers, and Jeff was determined to be in them too in order to be near her. "I know now," says Jeff, "that the reason I pushed for class presidency several times, and won several times, was to satisfy instinctive yearnings to 'perform.' "

Jeff tried out hopefully for a school musical. Susan had already been cast in the production and Jeff hoped to get a role that would keep him near her. "I began to sing," he says, "but that was the day my voice decided to change and I was alternately a tenor and a bass. Miss Rappaport, the teacher, who was my second love, had to give the part to another boy. Even today the memory still hurts. But all was not lost. I was made stage manager and during the performance Susan told me that she had a headache. I ran three blocks to the nearest drugstore and spent my full week's twenty-five-cent allowance for a bottle of aspirins. Susan was grateful and I went home that night and wrote a very bad poem about the limpid green of her eyes."

Susan and Jeff's romance, Flatbush fashion, did not include genteel dancing school soirees or ice-skating parties. The pavement was their lovers' lane; the brownstone stoops, their parlor for serious discussions of the future. Jeff, hurrying to work in his mother's store, sometimes walked Susan to the "day-old" bakery where she picked up the family supply of bread, saving pennies. On the way, both kept a wary eye out for pop bottles which they turned in at the market for hard cash. That cash was hoarded for weekly visits to the neighborhood movies.

Jeff was proud of Susan when she secured a job—the only girl with a newspaper route for the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*. "When I was a kid," Susan once said, "I always figured, 'No, we can't have that. That's thirty cents and we can't buy anything over a quarter.' Except once a year. And that was for my birthday cake. I bought it at Ebinger's bakery and I was allowed to choose it at the fantastically huge sum of sixty cents."

Susan went on to Girls' Commercial High (now called Prospect Heights High); Jeff, to Erasmus Hall High. Then for her, it was work as a photographer's model—work she hated, while Jeff was studying drama on a free scholarship. And when Susan joined the army of hopefuls brought to Hollywood to try out for the role of Scarlett O'Hara, Jeff was working for ten dollars a week in a little theatre outside of Chicago. At twenty-two, he entered the army; at twenty-seven he emerged—ready to try Hollywood.

A year earlier (1944), Susan had married Jess Barker and in time, she became the mother of twin boys; two years later, Jeff married Marjorie Hoshelle, an actress whom he'd met in little-theatre work years before, and he ultimately became the father of two daughters. Behind both

san and Jeff were the years of struggle gain recognition in Hollywood. But ; ironic that when they had succeeded yond their most avid Brooklyn dreams reerwise, their personal lives collapsed. 'When Marge and I separated before, ound there was no shortage of lovely ninine companionship. This can, of urse, be very inflating to the male ego. t it is no substitute for the solidarity marriage," admits Jeff, soberly.

Once again Jeff is finding no shortage feminine companionship, for there is no ce in the country with so many beau- l, successful, lonely women as Holly- od. But Susan will find that in film- d there is a frenetic battle for escorts. st as certain types of lawyers chase am- lances, so do certain Hollywood love- s watch for the first sign of a marital eakup in order to snag the newly freed le. Some divorcees, like Ginger Rogers d Shelley Winters had to go abroad to d husbands, and then try to launch m on careers. When Jacques Bergerac, nger's very youthful husband, was pped by M-G-M, the wags said, "Now ll have to be plain Mr. Ginger Rogers. t is that bad?"

For Susan, such a second marriage would more than bad. She's been through once, and it was a short cut to heart- ak. But she is aware that her adored s need male companionship. "I plan to ite many married friends to the house that my boys will have a chance to be h men," she explains. Of course, Jess, o loves his sons dearly, comes for fre- ent visits.

The chances are that Susan Hayward d Jeff Chandler will continue to see each er. As to an eventual marriage—that anybody's guess.

One thing is certain. The gray-thatched f, his head towering in the clouds, and petite red-haired beauty will make of Hollywood's handsomest couples. re important, they appear to be highly npatible. Career jealousy is reputed to e broken up both their marriages, but s would be no danger with these two ally important stars.

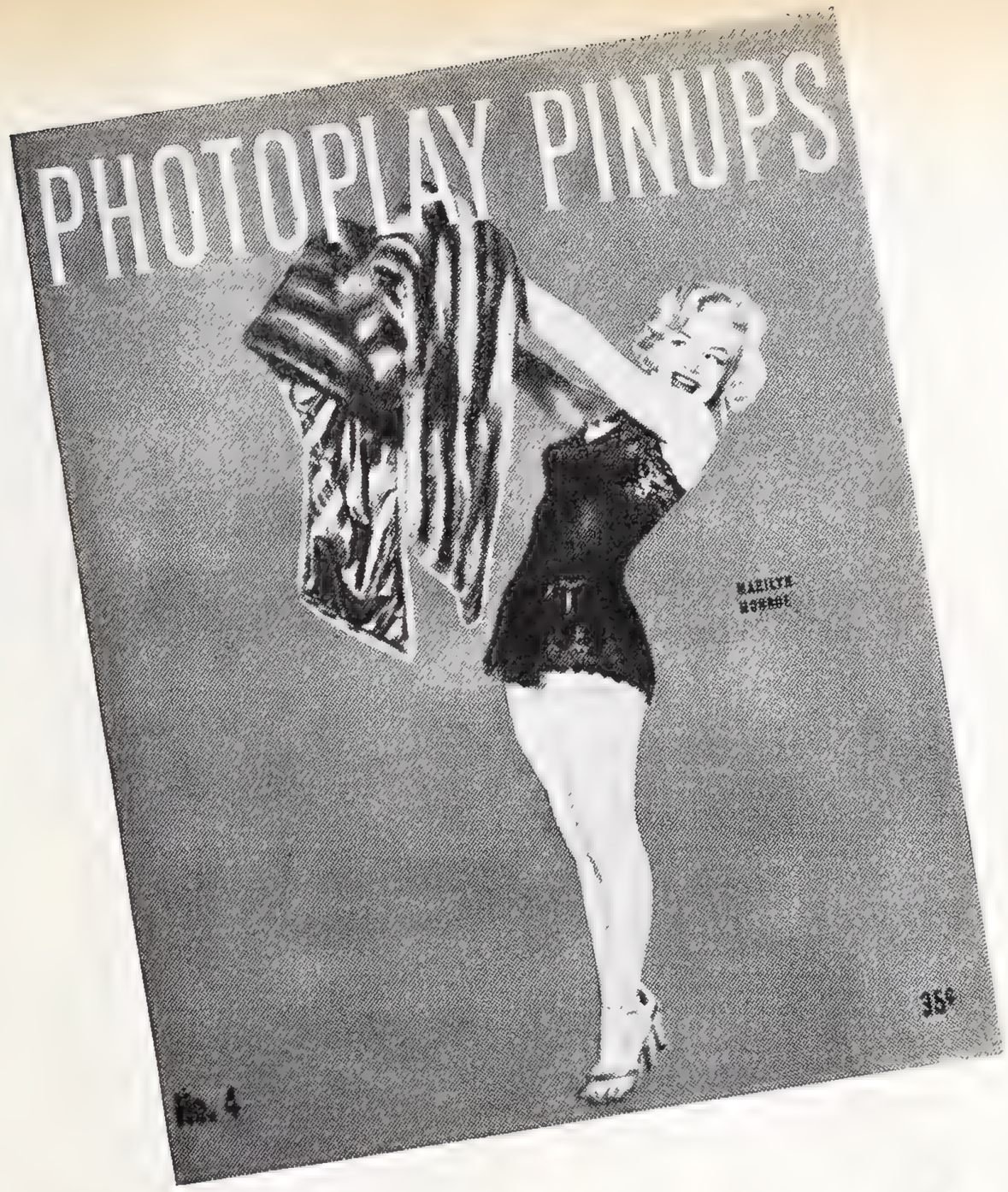
Both are interested in art, in the theatre, music, baseball; both understand the ial limitations which a cinema career ails. Both love children. And both given to bursts of temper—Susan more n Jeff. But humor glints in both their s and laces their speech.

Lately, a personality change has come r Jeff which worries some of his friends. merly rather introverted, silent and ody, he now gets up in night clubs l at parties, giving forth with wise- cks, popular tunes or imitations.

Marge, they say, became irritated by this v Jeff; called him "Cochise Lewis." w the anti-social, withdrawn Susan l react to this new extroversion is blematical. Certainly she doesn't ee with his philosophy that "being pictures automatically makes you un- what you would be if you were in ther profession. You can't just walk wn the street and mind your own iness. But frankly, I like people to o me on the street and recognize me." f this slight air of Golden Bantam sn't sit well with Susan, she must cer- ly admire Jeff's approach to his pro- sion—for it is exactly like her own. h are perfectionists, seriously anxious do the best work possible.

Susan and Jeff have come a long way ce those days at P.S. 181. Can they apture their childhood dream again? se who knew them both when they re "young and pure in heart" devoutly e they can. THE END

Susan is in "Demetrius and the Gladia- s," Jeff in "Yankee Pasha.")



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(*Continued from page* 26)
the highly sexy build-up on which her career was launched is mentioned, she spits like a cat. She likes the stories written about her that say she's a genuine, no-nonsense-about-her type person—and yet, she contributes as much as anyone else to the legend that she's mean as a snake and harder to handle. She is gratified by her reputation as an oddball.

For instance, she makes a great show of being uncooperative. When a writer asks for an interview, she is likely to reply, "Nyahhh. Make your story up—I don't want to read it, anyhow."

To which a callous member of the studio publicity department is sure to retort, "No, not much! She'll only ask me for it six times before you can get it written!" This passes for affection. Both know perfectly well that Jane is going to do the interview and is going to read the resulting story with considerable care.

"They hate me good," she says of her crew, which is the biggest joke on the lot. "They," meaning wardrobe-mistress Mary Tate, hairdresser Steffie Garland, stand-in Carmen Nesbitt, and make-up artist "Shotgun" Britton, have probably the best deal in Hollywood through the efforts of Miss Russell. When she signed her own contract, it was with the stipulation that every member of her crew also be given contracts. This is most unusual—but when Jane Russell works, she wants these people and no others around. And this is true wherever she works; any other studio that gets her on loan-out from RKO buys the entire package.

To add fuel to the crew's "hate" for her, Miss Russell does most of their work. She still isn't used to being waited on hand and foot, and she'll never learn to like it. Jane has always applied her own make-up; "Shotgun's" function is to provide a sufficient number of every item required so that she can't possibly lose them all before the job is done. If Steffie says she'll come in early to wash the Russell tresses, Jane arrives the following morning with her hair already shampooed and in need of setting only. She operates this way, not only because she's a very independent girl, which she is, but because she finds it easier to do things for herself.

"I'm planning to retire," Steffie said recently. "But, in a way, I hate to. When I'm gone she'll realize that I haven't been doing a single thing for her all this time."

The Russell legend features, among other things, a terrible temper, and Mr. "Shotgun" Britton carries the ball on that. One of his favorite sports is to precede Jane on the set and warn everybody concerned that *she* is in a snit. "Just stay clear of her today," he cautions. "She's really feeling mean!"

It is a joke assured of success. Miss Russell is notably uncommunicative in the morning, her mind on drapes she wants to make or a decorating problem, and she is naturally sullen of expression. People are used to this, but even so, when "Shotgun" gives the alarm, logic gives way to jitters. By the time they see Jane stride in, silent and unsmiling, everybody else on the set is walking on eggs. In fact, the only person on the entire lot unaware that her mood is allegedly lacking in tranquility is Jane; her thoughts have progressed to an antique shop she means to visit or a friend in need whom she wants to help, and the sound of knocking knees doesn't even penetrate.

Sometimes, by midafternoon, she becomes aware of the pall that hangs over the set, but she has long since given up hope of doing anything about "Shotgun's" mischief. If she should suddenly begin to smile and exude charm at a company expecting an explosion, it would make them all more nervous than ever. So Jane does nothing—and three days later, when she flips her lid over some real irritation, they nod wisely at one another and say, "You see? That "Shotgun" really knows her!" Miss Russell is known by many names on her lot—the Queen, Hard John (Bob Mitchum's contribution), the Madam—but *she* or *her*, spoken in a kind of italics, never means anyone else.

"That 'Shotgun' really fixed things fine at Fox," Jane said a few weeks ago. "Going over there and telling them what a wild one I am. I walked on the set of 'Blondes' and cleared my throat, and you should have seen them scatter!"

She leaped to her feet, demonstrating the agitation she had caused, and Steffie Garland said sharply, "Sit down."

Miss Russell glared at her hairdresser. "Steffie, I'm *trying* to tell a story!"

"And *I'm* trying to get your hair ready for the next scene," Steffie answered with equal power. "So sit down and be still!"

"What's all the commotion?" bellowed a new voice, and "Shotgun" Britton appeared, stomping his feet and pounding the door frame with his fist. If the Madam wanted noise, he was happy to oblige.

"'Shotgun,' get out of here!" Jane w now getting maximum performance out her vocal cords. "When I want you aroun you'll know it!"

"Aw right, aw *right*," he matched he decibel for decibel, "I'm *goin'!*" And h did, slamming the door behind him.

Know what they were doing? Havir fun. Playing at the legend that Jane Rus sell is the most temperamental actress i Hollywood.

"Why's everybody always talking abou my shouting?" Jane asks. "I come from long line of shouters. I have four brother and they all shout. My father did it, s did both my grandfathers. My grandfathe on my mother's side was just like the kin of character Lionel Barrymore alway plays—you know, a swell sense of humo but always hiding it by shouting at peopl in an irritable way. I loved that old guy."

She's a study in contradictions, the Rus sell dame, even apart from the legend. On of the things she doesn't like to rea about herself is that she's shy—which sh is. Let it also be known that she con siders herself quite an analyst of huma nature; she's curious as a squirrel abou any stranger and much too shy to ex amine him openly.

By her own admission Jane has bee walking all over people since childhood she has no respect whatsoever for anyon who is afraid to stand up to her. Profes sionally, that is. At home, Robert Water field rules the roost, as he has since the were married ten years ago. The perso who can't wait to tell you who's boss i Jane Russell—her husband's word is th law, and she wants everyone to know it The big movie star who has become a legend of sound and fury is the world's most docile wife, the world's most devote mother when she returns to the house high on a hill.

She has been built up as a synonym fo sexiness, as the female in essence—but she shows affection not by a kiss but by a solid punch that would rattle the bones of a 200-pounder.

Her thinking, her way of expressing herself is too direct and forthright to be feminine—and yet the motif of her home which is another form of self-expression, is Oriental, hence exotic and elaborate. In a similar vein, Jane habitually wears shorts or slacks while knocking around her San Fernando Valley home or the studio, but her gowns are about the most sophisticated in town and she's real gone on spectacular earrings, the bigger the better.

She spends most of her time worrying over and doing things for other people, but a suggestion that she wants to mother the whole world bowled her over. "Who, me?" she asked in astonishment. "That's the silliest thing I ever heard!"

As a youngster, Jane controlled her four unruly younger brothers by the simple measure of clobbering them—but she needed only one lesson to break the habit when they realized that they had outstripped her physically. Now she can say "Please" very prettily to the guy who's bigger than she is.

Is she as sullen as she looks? Well, she only has one handsome football hero of a husband, only two beautiful children, only one castle on top of her personal hill. She only gets one new Cadillac a year, only earns enough money to match pennies with the head man of Fort Knox. Only everybody on the RKO lot is devoted to her in the casual, sarcastic way she has taught them, and she only has a host of friends outside the movie industry. If you were

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Miss Jane Russell, would *you* be sullen?

As for the temperament, it's all bluff—and the day she knows that you know it is the day you become friends with Jane Russell. Her own opinion is that it's ridiculous for people to quake in their boots at her approach, and she's absolutely right.

They love to tell the story, on the RKO lot, of the writer who got the full legendary treatment. He knew Miss Russell only by reputation, he said, and he wanted to do a story on what she was really like.

Her crew greeted this statement with derision, but the writer assured them all that he wouldn't water the story down, whereupon they led him into the star's dressing room and gleefully, outrageously maligned their heroine. In the beginning they told him facts, gave examples of her thoughtfulness and generosity—but then the Madam put in an appearance.

Fixing the group with a fishy eye, she said, "I guess this was the only place you could find to do your gabbing!"

Nobody was impressed except the writer, who was ready to take to his heels. The crew simply fell into the pattern set by her introductory crack. While Jane sat, silently applying make-up, they continued to brief the man with the notebook—but they didn't have a single kind word to say for the boss. Instead, they told him how she was always hours late for appointments, how she was so hopelessly irresponsible that she had actually lost three wedding rings.

Midway through the recital Jane glanced at the writer via her mirror. "Think you can make a story out of all this silly palaver?" she asked.

By now he had gotten the idea that they were only playing, albeit a little rough; he had seen the faint smile lurking in the corners of Jane's mouth. "I'm going to cut you up into quivering little bits," he said.

The crew took over again then, relating further faults in great detail, and Jane said nothing until she had completed her make-up job. Then she suddenly slammed a comb down on the dressing table and roared, "I'm surrounded by idiots!"

On her way out of the dressing room she paused before the writer. From where he sat, she looked a mile tall. "Say," she asked, "what was that you said you were going to cut me up into?"

There was a silence, during which the writer's entire life passed before him. "Quivering little bits?" he offered.

Jane gave him a brilliant, beautiful smile. "Yeah," she said. "That was it."

As he prepared to leave the set of "The French Line," Jane was taking her lithe, catlike strides toward the stairs on which she would do her next scene with Gilbert Roland. Somebody spotted beloved character-actor Arthur Hunnicutt on the other side of the set and yelled, "Hey, Arthur, come over here a minute!"

He nodded amiably and was picking his way over equipment when Miss Russell wheeled and snapped her fingers at him. "Stay where you are," she ordered. Hunnicutt froze in his tracks, and over her shoulder Jane winked broadly at the writer. "You see?" her expression said. "Temperament!"

All in good time Arthur joined the little group of watchers. He didn't say anything, though, until Jane was within earshot. Then he grumbled loudly, "I don't know where she gets off! Way she orders people around, you'd think that *she* was the star of this picture and *I* was the one who got fourth billing!"

Out of the corner of his eye he looked at Jane Russell, who was smiling broadly. They were having a ball. THE END

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by

MARCELLA HOLMES

(Former Beauty Editor of "Glamour" Magazine)

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(*Continued from page* 39)
well, this is Ricci, spelled R-I-C-C-I." As for the James, anyone could understand that, they feel.

Filing excitedly past the bassinet to see him, the other children—Craig, eleven, Claudia, nine, Gail, eight, Dena, five, and two-year-old Dino—were thoroughly delighted. They'd ordered a baby brother and here he was. No more girls, they'd told Jeanne, being very definite about it, before the baby arrived.

"He's cute!" his sisters chorused.

"Now we're even, three and three," said Craig with relief.

They're a good group, thought Dean, eyeing them fondly. The four older ones, children by Dean's first wife, Betty, live in a spacious two-story home two blocks away from the French Colonial place in West Los Angeles shared by Dean and Jeanne and Dino and Ricci—and a great deal of the time by the other children, who are so warmly welcome there. And picking up the tab for all of them, Dino Crocetti, the barber's son from Steubenville, Ohio, is only grateful and humbly happy that today he can.

The domestic picture of the older Dino, homemaker and family provider, lovingly surrounded by an even half-dozen well-bred children, would have been a shocker for some of the staid citizens of Steubenville, who early predicted that nothing good was in store for him. He was too "racy," they thought; he was cut out to be a gambler. "And in a way they were right," Dean says. He certainly wound up with a full house—in fact, two. One thing is sure: he is one of Hollywood's warmly devoted fathers, this Dean Martin who specializes in laughter and lullabies.

Today all Dean Martin has to do is to look at each of his older children and he remembers vividly the lean days of a few years ago. Of his large brood he says, "Others may swear on their word of honor, but I swear on my children."

His eldest, freckle-faced Craig, was born when Dean was playing his first professional engagement. "I was singing with Sammy Watkins' band in Cleveland, and we had it plenty tough trying to meet expenses. I couldn't raise the hospital bill. Finally I got the money from my father." Nobody but a gambler would have predicted any kind of a decent future for Dean in those dys.

Dark-eyed Claudia, nine, was born when they went back to Steubenville. "I was working in Walker's Cafe for forty dollars a week, and my friends kicked in to help pay the hospital bill. Gail, eight, was born in Philadelphia. Money was really scarce then. I was working in New York when I was working, and Betty was staying with her mother in Philadelphia. I couldn't get a regular job. Everyone thought I was trying to copy Frank Sinatra; I did hold my mike like Sinatra."

Five-year-old Dena was born in Los Angeles. "I was doing better then. Jerry and I were playing in Slapsie Maxie's and we only owed a quarter of a million dollars. We were the best-dressed men in town with four suits—law suits—pending."

When mounting friction and unhappiness strained their relationship past any reconciliation, Dean and Betty dissolved their marriage. And later while playing at a night club in Miami, Dean Martin met the pretty blonde who is now a mother of two sons—and the warm understanding stepmother of Dean's four older children, who live with their mother just around the corner from them.

Sunny-haired Dino, Junior, age two, has his mother's big blue eyes and his dad's easy-going disposition. "Daddy, sing, Daddy, sing," he says, which means for someone to start the record player going. Then little Dino pushes the stool over by it, climbs up and listens with his ear as close to the disc as he can get it. And for his pop this is an understandably devastating routine.

Dean's familiar singing approach when he comes home at night has Dino charging for a first down at the front door. Far from being jealous of Dino, Junior, the older children adore him, and he thinks they are the greatest. Ask them how many brothers and sisters they have and without hesitation they say proudly, "Five." For now they cut little Ricci in too.

Contrary to what one might think, their home life isn't confusing. Dean says, "They get real affection and a lot of it. The biggest trouble, I believe, in a broken home is not telling the kids all about it and leaving them to answer their own questions. Craig and I had a long talk when his mother and I separated. He asked questions and I answered them for him."

For all his pipe-puffing and seeming casualness, Dean Martin is the most concerned of fathers. He long ago thumbed down a swimming pool for either home. This was, in fact, a stipulation in the divorce settlement he signed with his former wife. That she wouldn't get a house with a pool. "Just too dangerous where there are so many small children," he says. One of the three times Jeanne's ever seen her husband angry was when he thought a doctor was too unconcerned about diagnosing what was wrong with the baby. "He got so mad—I thought he was going to pitch him bodily down the stairs."

A thoughtful and generous father, Dean insists he lays down the law too. "When they've needed discipline, they've gotten it," he says. "Such as the time Craig set fire to a window curtain and burned up the whole room. We were living in New York in a little apartment on 105th Street. He was three years old. He was going through a phase then, he wanted to be a fireman—and he was practicing up."

Asking only that they all remain unspoiled and good little citizens Dean was very pleased to discover recently that at the public school they all attend in the neighborhood, none of them ever tries to impress the other kids. They speak of Dean simply as "my father," and never spread it around that he's a movie and television star. A school chum who dropped by the house with Craig one afternoon not long ago stopped in his tracks when he saw Dean. Then, as realization dawned, turned to him with an amazed, "Say—is he your dad?"

"They're nice kids—all of them," Dean says warmly now. "Gail's a talented dancer. Plays the piano well too. Claudia is what you call a 'Debutante.' Dena's only five. She just hangs around—but you know she's there."

Neither Dean nor Jeanne see anything extraordinary about both households being so close together. As a matter of fact, as Jeanne says, "That's one of the reasons we got this place. To be in the same neighborhood. We try to keep close together. It would be too difficult otherwise. Working in pictures, television, radio, and making records, Dean doesn't have too much time to spend with the family. It's much more convenient this way."

"This makes it much easier and nicer," Dean says. "The children are in and out of here constantly. I see them all the time. Even when I'm working, they're going to school about the same time I leave tl house—and they turn in and have a gla of milk with me."

While Jeanne takes no credit for the feeling so welcome, saying, "They're su easy children to have around." Dean sa warmly of her, "She's the greatest. Sl plays with them. The girls bring the little girl friends over and 'try on' a Jeanne's lipsticks and sweaters and skir and model her costume jewelry aroun She's just wonderful with them. And wi her it's no pretense either. She really lov them. Sometimes when she takes them o for a riding lesson they bring a few frien along. One morning there were nine them. Looked like the whole cavalry."

The children are Dean's eager fans ar critics. "They tell me what they like ar what they don't. They want to know wh I sang such and such a song. Also usuall 'Did you really kiss that girl?'"

Dean and his eldest share a great cama raderie. He's had some of the shafts of h golf clubs cut down for Craig to use. "H went around with me the other day Lakeside and it's lucky I have insuranc He almost hit a couple of guys." At radi broadcasts he waves to Craig sitting in th sponsor's booth, introduces him to the au dience, is ambitious for his future. Dea was a little startled recently when he aske Craig what he wanted to be when h grows up and his son said thoughtfull "I'd like to be a waiter at the Brow Derby." Relating it now, Dean laughs, "S I told him to just forget the whole thing

If you work long enough and hard enough and save your money, when you are old, you can have the things that young people enjoy.

JOE E. BROWN

Despite the fact Martin and Lewis ar now starring in a picture called "Living Up," Dean insists they're living it dowı In the future we hope not to work as harc We're gradually slowing down now. N more night clubs after the date we owe th Copacabana. We're through playing thea tres. No more long tours. That's my deci sion. The movies are here, radio's here television, golf courses, and I want to sta home close to my family." He's tire watching them grow up in photograph Jeanne faithfully sends when Martin an Lewis are on tour. "One of my childre called me 'Friend' the last time out. I got letter, 'Dear Friend—How are you?'"

Although with today's responsibilitie he can't slow down too much. "I've got t keep working. Don't ever let them tell yo it's cheaper by the dozen. Take my wor for it—they're not even half right."

Of the children's future Dean says, " just want them to grow up good. And t have security, of course. They're the rea son I'm working. Me, I'm happy if I ca just turn the jag in for a new model no and then. They're well provided for now Out of the $3,200 monthly alimony Bett gets, the kids have a $1,000 monthly an nuity of their own. If she remarries they' still have theirs. And they'll always have home with their mother or they can com live with us. We'll always have room."

Blessed so generously, Dino "Punchy Crocetti still can't figure out what he' done to deserve today. "I'm the luckies guy this side of East Liverpool."

THE END

(*Continued from page* 52)

nger I waited," she says, "the harder it as to tell them. Finally I broke down and rote—and my mother came bouncing ght over. She likes Jim, of course, and e just couldn't be happier—all of us."

Jim's home-town paper in Los Altos did rry an announcement of the wedding at e time. And so did the *London Times*, ter. But they had been married five onths before Hollywood discovered the ppy news, and by then another happy ent was on the way.

The fact that they so thoroughly scooped ollywood with both news items, Audrey d Jim explain simply: "Nobody asked . If anybody had wanted to know . . . e'd have loved telling them."

They had been married a month before aramount broke the story of their engagement. They were celebrating their five-onths anniversary when the news finally oke that they were married. And Aurey was finishing her last scene in "Casaova's Big Night" with Bob Hope, when ollywood discovered—six months later that she was having a baby in December.

She wonders, with a merry glint in her ue Irish eyes, "Do you suppose our baby ill be in school before anybody knows has arrived?"

But Jim and Audrey do admit that ey're still a little surprised themselves how swiftly and unexpectedly—and ppily—the whole pattern of their rective lives has changed.

Certainly, Audrey Dalton, whose father in charge of film distribution for Sam oldwyn in London, had no thought of rsonally cementing American-Anglish relations when she made her plans cross the Atlantic.

"I was determined," she said, "that I asn't going to be talked into marriage by y American man. I didn't want to get arried at all. I was just getting over beg engaged—or going steady, as you say re. I was fancy-free, and I had every tention of staying that way. I was going make my pictures and go home."

As for blond, handsome Jim Brown, venty-three and free as a breeze, he was eparing to graduate from UCLA. His udies were concentrated on motion picre arts, and he had no set plans for the ture—other than to stay free.

"Then there she was—right out of the ue," he says.

"Out of the green, dear," his Irish bride rrects merrily.

They met on a blind date arranged by arol Lee Ladd, one of Audrey's first new merican friends, and a classmate of Jim's UCLA. She had decided that these two ould get together. It was supposed to be double-date, but at the last minute, arol Lee had to change her plans.

"So there I was," says Jim, "stuck with blind date. And I didn't know what to ." He called Audrey and asked if she ould like to go out anyway. "She has ch a trick Irish accent on the phone, I uldn't understand what she was saying. ut it seemed to add up to an affirmative.

"I saw her that night, the next night, and ve seen her every night since."

They drove down to Jack's-at-the-Beach r dinner that evening, and it all turned t to be pretty dreamy for them both.

"I found her not only beautiful," says m, "but so intelligent."

"He did all the talking," says Audrey, hat's why he had such a good time." e doesn't recall having the chance to pose any of the brain power that Jim as so impressed by. "But," she adds, "I've und that American men like to talk—and m was very good at it."

Jim says he wanted her to talk that evening, but she seemed a little shy. And when Audrey raises her lovely brows at that comment, he quickly says, "Well—I got the impression, honey, that you were a warm, lovely listener anyway."

Audrey found herself listening a lot after that—and loving it. She was entranced by the handsome Jim with his breezy charm and his gentle kindness. "I thought he was the most thoughtful, sweetest person I had ever known," she says.

Jim, who loves to reminisce on the subject, says, "I was amazed from the first at how much we had in common." They found, for instance, that they were both "intoxicated" by the same kind of music, Dixieland. "We'd drive through all the heavy traffic to downtown Los Angeles to hear Kid Ory's band—real Creole jazz. But it was the same with so many things. We were born an ocean apart. We had lived an ocean apart. But we might have been next-door neighbors, for all the ideas we shared."

"Even," twinkles Audrey, "to eating lamb with garlic—now." At first, their food tastes did differ. Audrey seasoned everythink she cooked only very lightly. And Jim—like most American men—seemed to want everything seasoned with garlic.

But while she was picking up some of his American tastes, he was finding her Irish "catching" too. "Audrey says 'banawna' for 'banana,'" he laughs. "One night, we were having dinner at Chasen's, and I heard myself saying, "I'll have 'banawna cream pie.' I floored myself!"

Just about this time, he wrote a letter home, in which he said that something was "smashing!" "What's this 'smashing' thing?" his parents wrote back.

As it developed, it was love—the garlic, the banawnas, the whole smashing thing!

And so, one sunny morning during the Christmas holidays, they were married in the Parish Church in Los Altos. The bride wore filmy pale pink and a veil of tears in her sparkling blue eyes.

Five months later, her happiness was really complete when she discovered she was going to have a baby.

To be a bride incognito in a town inhabited by newsmen and gossips is something. But to be a mother-to-be—that's sensational! By all the rules, impending motherhood is self-revealing. But Audrey was in her sixth month and had been working almost every day on the set of "Casanova's Big Night" when the "news" finally broke. "It was the strangest thing," Audrey puts it. "I finished the picture—and suddenly, I bloomed!"

When Paramount announced that Audrey would go into the picture, she had just returned from Korea, and the doctor had just confirmed hers and Jim's fondest hopes. She had yearned so for the chance to play a featured role in a movie with her idol, Bob Hope. And, with the baby coming, she was afraid she'd have to turn down the chance.

"I didn't know what to do," she says. "I wanted to make the picture so badly." She took a chance on the camouflage possibilities offered by the fact that it was a costume film—and went ahead.

Going to and from the studio, she wore blue jeans and a flopping shirt with the tails hanging loose. "And that," she says, "didn't make me conspicuous. So many girls wear them that way here."

Every once in a while, during filming, the wardrobe girl would comment when she was fitting her, "You seem to be putting on a little weight." And Audrey would reply, "I guess I had a potato too many

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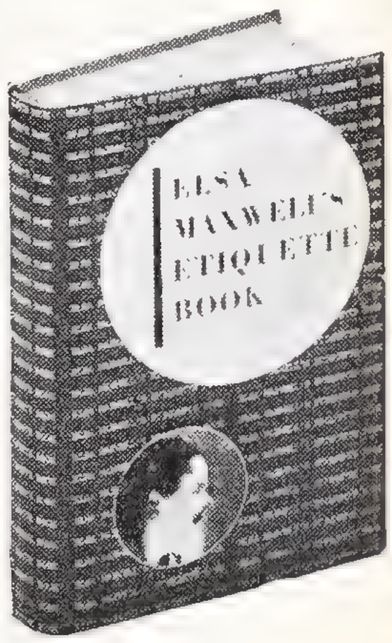

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today." Now, she says, "I used to to feel a little guilty about that."

Even if she hadn't wanted to be in a picture with Bob Hope so badly, Audrey says she would have wanted to keep the baby a secret as long as possible. "When people know, they keep asking all the time—how you are—when the date is—and it seems the time will never pass. But now, everybody's surprised. And it hasn't seemed long at all."

In fact, looking back on the speed with which the time seems to have passed, Audrey feels ever so slightly cheated out of the excitement of the maternal adventure. "Except for a little period when I was wild for ice cream and ham sandwiches, I haven't had any of it at all."

The instant the picture was finished, she rushed right out and bought maternity clothes—garments which she was sure she should have been wearing months before. In fact, when she was sent out on a personal-appearance tour immediately after the doctor confirmed her pregnancy, she was positive everybody in her group would know the secret before she got back home.

One night she talked to Jim long distance and wailed, "Honey, I'm getting so large." So Jim was mighty surprised when he met her at the plane on her return home and found her hollow-eyed, pale-faced and eight pounds *thinner* than when she had left.

Their yellow and gray nursery is the only completely furnished room in their apartment and they keep wandering in and admiring it. "You can tell who'll be the boss in this house," says Audrey.

If it's a boy, they plan to name him James Emmet. If a girl, they lean toward Tara. "With Brown," says Jim. "We figure you have to do *something*."

Though Jim's parents are wealthy, the young Browns want to be completely on their own. The studios have shown some interest in Jim as a movie possibility, but he says, "One in this family is enough."

He will certainly do something relating to the entertainment business, in films or in TV production, the latter of which he's already worked in for NBC. "I started at the bottom," he says, "so there's no place to go but up." To which Audrey adds that he has already gone up—to revue productions—at double his starting salary.

"We live just like any other young couple just getting started," they say. "We have a budget—and we stick to it."

But come the eighth of every month they tell the bank book to go hang, and return to Jack's-at-the-Beach for dinner and a dreamy celebration of the anniversary of their first meeting.

One of the things they dream of is a lot of children—"I think six," says Audrey. But whether she has them or not, Hollywood is betting on her to succeed.

When this pert Irish beauty, blooming with motherhood, followed other winners who had performed at PHOTOPLAY's "Choose Your Stars" party with, "I can't sing and I can't dance—but I hope I can do something," she brought down the house. To columnists whom she'd scooped, this was the understatement of the year. And to everybody else, it was a cheerful prophecy.

THE END

Esther Williams' Wonderful Christmas

(*Continued from page* 43)

last child, was born on August 8, 1923—"in the parlor," recalls her mother, "because there wasn't any other place available. And a few minutes later, the fat little pink bundle was placed in the arms of her twelve-year-old sister, Maureen, secondary mother until I was strong enough to take care of her. With five children to bring up there was much to do. And I've always felt that the sharing of family responsibilities was a privilege and not a burden, so when I asked for help the children gladly gave it. Our little house began to bulge at the seams and Dad began to add rooms."

Today that simple, vine-clad house—still the home of Mr. and Mrs. Williams—is a symbol to Esther of all that is good and lovely in this world. Though she has recently signed a ten-year contract with her studio which will pay her a staggering sum of money; though she is among the top ten film personalities in drawing power and has, with her husband, Ben, a host of vastly successful business enterprises, that little house in Inglewood stands for all the solid things of life—things you can't put into words, such as security, faith, happiness. In a symbolical sense Esther has never left home, has never lost the balanced sense of values and the knowledge of a close, loving God, which she gained in that house.

And Esther, while awaiting the birth of her third child, Susan Tenney (a period she described as "being in drydock"), remembered that—particularly during the last month of her pregnancy. Her thoughts were drawn back again and again to her childhood home.

Susan Tenney, a perfect, plump, healthy little girl, weighing seven pounds, fifteen ounces, made her arrival at 4:30 P.M., October 1.

"Ben and I," explains Esther's mother, "waited in the hospital. And although this was the third time, Ben was just as nervous as he'd been before. When Dr. Bradbury told us it was a girl we were overjoyed. For Esther did so want a daughter. Ben smiled tremulously and said, 'I wonder if I'll know how to be a good father to a daughter. Boys I know about, but little girls . . .' I assured him he'd be the wonderful father he's always been.

"And when the nurse showed us the baby I was amazed. She looked exactly like Esther did when she was born—the same features and a shock of brown hair. The boys, Benjie and Kimmie, resemble Ben, I think, but little Susan resembles her mother. In fact, when the baby was moved into Esther's room, the nurse had brushed her hair into a big curl on top of her head, and she looked more like Esther than ever.

"Esther insisted on having the baby with her from the first. She's truly maternal and doesn't believe a new-born baby should be exiled in a hospital nursery, away from her mother. The first time I went to see Esther she was radiant and told me again that childbirth is the greatest experience a woman can know."

And Esther safely home after only four days in the hospital, continued to be radiantly happy. "Ben and Mother wanted me to stay longer but I can rest better at home. I started my exercises to regain my figure immediately and I expect to be swimming again in a few weeks. The baby is so healthy . . . and so good. We named her Susan because we like it and Tenney because it's a name in Ben's family. But we'll never call her Susie!

"The boys are showing great interest in the baby. I remember that my mother told me that she asked my brothers and sisters to pray for me before I was born and I did the same thing with Benjie and Kimmie. It brought a lump in my throat to hear them say, 'And God bless the baby that's coming to live with us.' I hope they'll pass that on to their children.

"We Williamses are a typical American family, going back to Revolutionary days on both sides, though our ancestors were a mixture of Dutch-Welsh-Irish-Scotch and a little English. As children in that little Inglewood house we always had the riches that money couldn't possibly buy, though there seemed to be more Williamses than there were dollars. We went through assorted depressions and recessions in those years; our house became more and more worn; but I think I can speak for all of us when I say that there was never a palace, anywhere in the world, that ever held so much happiness or heard such laughter. Our house was brimming with furious life, noise, gaiety and there were always spur-of-the-moment parties.

"I suppose that with everyone the Christmas season draws forth nostalgic memories of Christmases long past. I can see our Christmas trees now, through the years, each one gleaming brightly in the reds, greens and silver of Yuletide. Trimming the tree was a real ceremony. And the red-and-white striped peppermint candy canes (so precious to us when candy was a luxury not easily come by); the stockings stuffed with homemade gifts and all of us babbling with excitement.

"Mainly our Christmases have been joyous, but we've had a few sad ones—like the time I lost our first baby and again when our wonderful oldest brother Stanton passed away suddenly at sixteen. He was the most talented in the family—and it was because of him that we are here in Los Angeles. Mother and Dad were married forty-five years ago this past June. She was a school teacher in Dodge City, Iowa, ninth child in a poor, hard-working family and she had learned how to make do with little. Dad is a commercial artist; was working as a theatrical sign painter in Salt Lake City when my brother Stanton was selected by Marjorie Rambeau to play a part on the stage. When she wanted him to go along with the company to Los Angeles the family decided to go too.

"The first Christmas I remember was when I was a roly-poly tot of three with a Buster Brown haircut. An aunt sent me a doll. Right away I named her Margaret Ann and loved her to pieces—literally, because next Christmas, Dad, always wonderful with his hands, repaired her broken body, painted a new face for her and even glued on new blonde hair. Mother, who made all our clothes, turned out a whole new party outfit from remnants. Every Christmas Margaret Ann was thus renewed again and when I was six the aunt came to visit and noticing the doll, told me, 'Esther Jane, I'm taking you right down town to buy a new doll—anyone you select.' And my eyes fell on a fabulous French doll that cost seven dollars, a mint of money in those days. I took her home, but you know something, she was just too grand to play with, and I stood her up on the dresser and just looked at her. I continued to play with Margaret Ann."

But the most wonderful Christmas of all for Esther was when she was seven and her dad made a real two-story dollhouse with four rooms, a bath, kitchen and winding staircase. All the kids in the neighborhood, Esther remembers, spent painstaking hours helping her cut out paper furniture to scale, paste it on card-

board and create a whole family of paper dolls for the house.

Every Christmas Mr. Williams added innovations and refinements to that magnificent structure, even installing, in later years, tiny electric lights in each room. And it is still a great family treasure—right now, says Esther, "My sister June's daughters have it, but I'm serving notice on them that Susan will need it soon.

"When I was a child the spirit of Christmas descended on the Williams clan a couple of months ahead of schedule. We couldn't afford store-bought gifts and tree decorations, and so we used ingenuity in making and inventing all sorts of things. When funds were scarcer than usual we didn't have a real Christmas tree, but instead we searched out pine boughs which Daddy wired together to make the most beautiful Christmas tree in town. My gift to him every year was a supply of shaving soap. And I remember once when I was six, after I'd painstakingly saved pennies and nickels for the gift and had the money carefully hidden, a carnival opened right in our neighborhood. I was in an ecstasy of excitement and wanted to blow the whole sum on peanuts for the baby elephant whom I loved best of all. I didn't mind not buying hot dogs and popcorn though they smelled delectable; instead, I took jelly sandwiches from home. But the peanuts for the elephant! Finally I borrowed a nickel from my horde and I was dismayed to see how quickly that elephant ate what it bought."

Time moved just as quickly in the Inglewood home, for every holiday and birthday party was an event of great importance. Easter eggs were dyed and bunnies made; Maybaskets fashioned of colored paper were a special delight of sister Maureen who would gather the brood early for wildflower-picking expeditions to the nearby vacant lots. It was Maureen, also, who organized camping trips, beach parties and taught the youngsters to swim. And when the community decided that a playground and swimming pool would be a wonderful asset, they all besieged the city fathers. Esther was about eleven when the pool opened there behind the fence back of their house, and she and her brother David spent hours perfecting their strokes and, unknowingly, paving the way for Esther's spectacular swimming career.

Any talents the Williams' children possessed were aided by the whole family. It was only natural to move to Los Angeles to further brother Stanton's stage career. And one Christmas might have been a bit marred for Esther if it hadn't been for Mrs. Williams, a handsome, graying older edition of her talented daughter, Esther. "Es was in the first grade," Mrs. Williams remembers, "and she was in heaven because she'd been selected to be a sunflower in the chorus in a Christmas operetta at school. The leading role was portrayed by a sweet little singer who has since been heard from—Deanna Durbin. One noontime Es came running into the kitchen crying the biggest tears you ever saw. 'I can't be in the play,' she spluttered between sobs. 'The teacher says I don't know the steps and she took me out. Said I had two left feet.' It was a real crisis and though I was in the midst of cooking and ironing I dropped everything, went to school and asked the teacher if she wouldn't show me the steps and I, in turn, would teach them to Es at home. And so we saved her Christmas."

It took Esther a full year to decide to train for championship swimming. She has since spent more time in the water, with the possible exception of a few million fish and the United States Fleet, than any buoyant body since Noah's Ark. Oddly enough, Esther showed the same indecision about accepting a film contract. So it was strange that, at eighteen, away from home for the first time at the Aquacade in San Francisco, she should have so quickly made up her mind to elope with a young USC medical student. Though they both tried hard, the hasty marriage didn't turn out well and Esther returned to the little house in Inglewood.

But later, after her divorce, she was to meet the man who has made the ensuing Christmas celebrations memorable. She didn't know it, however, at the time. But Mrs. Williams, a very wise lady indeed, knew immediately that Esther and Ben Gage would eventually marry—that they "were right and right for each other."

When Esther lost her first baby she was desolate. A natural mother, as time has shown, she had cared for nieces and nephews for years, had imbibed large doses of child psychology from her mother and desperately wanted children. Only the faith she'd gained since babyhood sustained her—only the Bible's statement, "All things work together for good, to them that love God," helped her while she re-affirmed her faith.

To ease her sorrow Esther plunged into a program to help blind children learn to swim, and found peace. And became part of another heartwarming Christmas custom—an annual party for the children at the Los Angeles Nursery School, for Visually Handicapped Children. As a Christmas gift Esther and Ben presented the school with a swimming pool.

At this year's family Christmas celebration, the new baby, little Susan Tenney, will be the big feature attraction. For the Williams clan is one of the closest-knit imaginable. They see each other frequently and warmly greet each other—and each new addition—with the joyful abandon of loved ones separated for years.

It's been ten years since Esther Williams first splashed onto the nation's screens and became an overnight star. And she has remained top box office ever since. Yet she has changed less in her outlook probably than any other Hollywood star.

Could this be because of her wholly normal upbringing? She is, those who work with her agree, as stable, sane and adjusted to her surroundings as it is possible to be. As Esther explains, "I have always had to have people in my life whose love, strength and religious faith would act as a springboard from which to dive in and be my whole self. At first it was my family. Then I found Ben. It's my feeling that children from large and happy families like the Gages of Evanston, Illinois, and the Williams of Los Angeles make the best marriage material. What I've learned from my childhood home I've tried to pass on to my children. Ben and I are remembering a wise remark of my mother's in bringing up our family: 'Not to have too much money is the most fortunate thing that can happen to children.'"

The little Inglewood house has played a big role in the Gage family life. And will continue to do so. There the true spirit of Christmas lingers long after the mistletoe is dry and the tree has lost its needles. And visible in the living room with its old-fashioned, well-worn furniture is a charming Christmas reminder on the wall—a green felt Christmas tree, sequin-spangled, framed behind glass, a gift from daughter June. Twenty little circles cut out in the tree are filled with tiny portraits of the whole Williams clan. As yet they haven't added the newest one—Ben and Esther's Susan Tenney. But at the 1953 celebration, the baby's picture will be there. And so will the baby.

For Esther Williams, in the deepest spiritual sense, has never really left home. THE END

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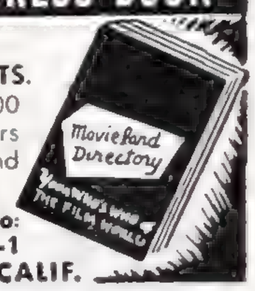

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Too Hot to Last?

(*Continued from page* 28)

remember him by for a few painful days.

After his break-up with Lana, it was ironical—or just human nature—that Fernando should latch onto Lex Barker's ex-wife, Arlene Dahl. Of course, hot publicity on the couple started. But it is my belief that Fernando will return to his ex-wife, after he's firmly established in Hollywood.

A split-up between the two wouldn't break Arlene's heart. She showed how her heart fluctuates when she quit Lex Barker on the eve of *their* highly publicized wedding, flying back to Hollywood from New York with canceled marriage plans; then flying back to join him at the altar a few days later. Of course, Lex proved himself just about as stable when he followed Arlene and lured her back to becoming his bride. The marriage lasted just a speck over a year.

Then Lex, as a bachelor, became like a little boy in a candy shop. Eligible men in Hollywood are few, and beautiful girls are plentiful. Lex had a field day until Lana snared him, hook, line, and sinker. That match is still inexplicable to Hollywood. At the start, the flame between them burned brightly. Then, I'm told by intimates of the pair, Lana became bored. But she was in a spot. After the Lamas affair, it would have been bad publicity for her to jump from one guy to another. And Lex, whose stardom is a mere twinkle beside Lana's, can be a persistent cuss. If Lana made the first play, it was Lex who pursued her all over Europe. I'll give that marriage at most two years, and at that I'm overly optimistic.

There are many aspects to this marriage that are, in a way, reminiscent of the Ava Gardner-Frank Sinatra hassle. And whoever expected that to last as long as it has?

But now, after all the spats and reconciliations, it does look as if it's over for good. You don't talk to lawyers for fun.

Ava has a talent for marrying temperamental men. First it was Mickey Rooney. Then Artie Shaw. Artie succeeded in confusing her mind with his pseudo-intellectualism and temperament. When that marriage ended, Ava had had it. She knew her feminine strength, and she was tired of being kicked around by men. Then along came Frankie; and Ava was ready for him. Her hot blood and hot temper more than equalled his. And that was the trouble!

The tragedy of Ava's life is that she wants children. She even had an operation to increase her chances of having a baby.

But Rita Hayworth has had children—and look at her hectic love life! In the beginning she worked diligently to get into showbusiness. Once established, however, she got a yen for men and an indifference toward her career. Rita flouted convention by cavorting all over Europe with Aly Khan before he married her. After their wedding, she gave up her career to become a princess. But since Rita was not born to the purple, royalty became tiresome. She didn't know how to behave. So she returned to Hollywood, resumed her career, then took the maddest fling of all by marrying Dick Haymes.

I could never see Dick as a lady-killer, but he must have something—and it isn't money. Nora Eddington told me her marriage to him was full of surprises. Not the least was the fact that he neglected to tell her she was his third wife. Seems he'd completely forgotten wife Number 1.

Ingrid Bergman started the recent cycle of mad passion among movie people with her completely unorthodox affair with Rossellini. When I interviewed her in the old days, she'd ask me to refrain from bringing in her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, because that kind of publicity was considered unethical in medical circles. Then she spread his name over the world when she deserted him for Rossellini. Whether that flaming love still exists I wouldn't know. They have three beautiful children; but friends of mine who visited them in Rome told me they seemed bored with each other.

I wish that success had had a sobering effect on Kirk Douglas. But it hasn't. When I first met him, he was a modest family man worried about a budding film career. The came "Champion." Overnight Kirk was a movie star. Suddenly he was "somebody," and he began living the new role to the hilt. He separated from his wife and later divorced her. Taking a small home in the Hollywood hills, he became a veritable bear of a bachelor.

But Kirk's emotions didn't linger. No girl lasted with him very long until Irene Wrightsman entered his life. And thereby hangs a tale. Kirk, the son of immigrant parents, missed many of the joys of youth. Irene was raised in the lap of luxury. She became a fascinating subject to the newly-born star; and many thought he would marry her and settle down. But the call of the wild proved too appealing.

Then he met a new kind of girl—Pier Angeli. Though aged beyond her years by

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living in war-time Italy, she still remained as fresh and beautiful as a morning rose. When I saw them together in "The Story of Three Loves," I was horrified. It was obvious on the screen that she had fallen in love with one of the biggest wolves in Hollywood. What broke up their romance, I don't know. I'd like to think it was a latent gallantry on Kirk's part.

Anyway Kirk went to Italy to do "Ulysses," and there he really continued to blossom as a celebrity. In Hollywood, his small house was so untidy that even his intimates apologized for it. Clifton Webb tells me this is all changed. He saw Kirk in Rome, and the guy has taken over a veritable palace. The beauties still soar around him like moths around a flame.

Gene Nelson, by no stretch of the imagination, is a Kirk Douglas. I had always thought he was as solid as the earth. Even on the screen he doesn't register as anything resembling a fireball. He was deeply in love with his wife, Miriam. He should have been. After they married, she gave up her career to further his. It was she who helped Gene work out his dance routines, only to step aside and watch another do them with Gene on the screen.

Jane Powell was regarded as an All-American girl, a happy wife and mother. But Metro happened to loan her to Warners for "Three Sailors and a Girl," in which Gene also appeared. Before they knew what hit them, the solid citizen and the All-American girl were head over heels in love. Hollywood was aghast.

It developed that Jane was not the happy wife and mother. She was the working girl and Geary Steffen, the playboy. With such a situation something had to give. And the perplexed Gene found himself on the receiving end. I'm not saying he ducked or that Jane made the advances. But there was a strange chemistry between them. Here was a mixed-up young lady who found consolation in her leading man—an old Hollywood story. Perhaps, Gene, bored with many years of marriage, was only too willing for Jane to lean on his shoulder.

Marty Melcher used to have an office next to mine. He, like Geary, was a fun lover who I thought would never settle down. Marty did his share of roving. His romance with Patti Andrews was long; but his marriage to her was brief. Patti adored him. Marty was ready to take his turn at playing the field again when he started going out with Doris Day. There were no emotional fireworks. They courted and married without fanfare. On their way to Burbank to get their marriage license, Doris got hungry and Marty had to take her home to eat first. Compare that with the hullabaloo that went with the Lana Turner-Bob Topping or the Elizabeth Taylor-Nicky Hilton marriages, and you may come up with the answer.

Both Lana and Elizabeth have divorced and re-married. Doris and Marty were never more steady. He has an appreciation for her ability. She has faith in him.

Joel McCrea did the right kind of thinking about marriage in Hollywood when he moved to a ranch far from tinsel town years ago. As a young man, Joel was as naive as he was good looking. I took him to his first major social function, a Marion Davies costume ball. He showed up at my home in a plain linen suit, and I had to disguise him as a South American by pinning a few ribbons around him. Joel didn't understand that a Marion Davies costume ball meant *costume*. But scarcely had we arrived, when a top feminine star pulled me to one side and asked, "Who's that big, handsome lug you've got with you?" I told her he was an actor. That very night five stars got together and pooled a bet on which would be the first one to land Joel.

To get close to the guy, all of them asked to have him as the leading man in their next pictures. Producers were going crazy asking, "Who is this guy Joel McCrea?" It so turned out that none of the girls got Joel for romance, but they made him a star. He married Frances Dee, moved away from Hollywood, and seldom comes to town except to make a picture. Frances retired until she'd raised two stalwart sons. Now she's doing films again.

The conflict between two careers in the same family is often the base of domestic difficulty. And that's what's wrong with Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman. Both have a tendency to act on frenzied impulse. Their frantic international courtship and marriage made numerous headlines. But the necessary sobriety of marriage is a different matter. Vittorio has commitments in Italy, while Shelley has to remain in Hollywood. And Shelley's the kind of girl who wants her man around. They've had some dreadful arguments; but if anybody can tame the tempestuous blonde, it's Vittorio.

He has the stubbornness of a bulldog—remember he's a Latin and used to wearing the pants around the house. Shelley can yell and scream until doomsday and Vittorio remains impervious. "We are opposite in nature," Vittorio told me shortly after his marriage. "My ideas may be wrong, but it's too late to change them. I don't like the complete independence of American women. It's an ancient rule that says a man should dominate." Well, dominating Shelley is about as easy as controlling a fire engine going downhill. How Shelley will react is unpredictable.

Besides the necessary "absences," film stars are faced with the fact that for weeks at a time they work with attractive members of the opposite sex, often doing flaming love scenes day after day. Well, that puts a strain on human nature, to say the least! I know of one star who admits she tries to get her leading man to fall in love with her so that he'll give a better performance. Patricia Neal, a forthright, honest girl, did a picture with Gary Cooper and fell for that old "boyish shyness." I could have told Pat that Coop was neither boyish nor shy.

Pat, realizing the odds against her, broke her relationship with Gary, pulled up her Hollywood stakes, and moved to New York, where she found a man who adored and married her. Meanwhile, Coop, with his newfound freedom, continues to puzzle Hollywood, but not me, by roaming Europe with various women, and still managing to keep the home fires burning after his fashion.

I remember visiting Jimmy Stewart in his bachelor days and being appalled at the barrenness of his home. "There's not a feminine touch about the whole place," I said. "Why don't you get married?"

"Well," he replied in complete innocence, "I've been thinking about it. But it's this way. I'll soon be forty. I've waited this long; and, Hedda, at this stage of the game, I don't aim to be rushed." His engagement to Gloria came in a typically undramatic way. She was visiting him on his birthday, when the telephone rang. Jimmy answered, hung up, and said, "Will you marry me?" Gloria was so startled that all she could say was, "What!" Jimmy repeated the question, and Gloria said, "Oh, yes."

Jimmy, though many women found him charming, is no dashing lover on a white horse. But he's revealed the qualities of an excellent husband. When he finally said, "I do," it was for keeps.

Now that's the kind of guy I'd go for, but there are no such animals left in this neck of the woods. THE END

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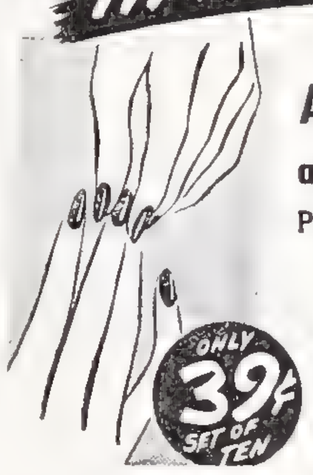

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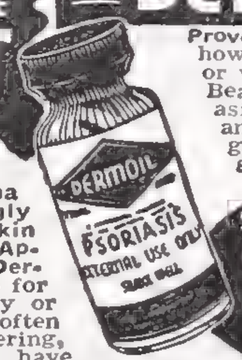

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Hollywood Party Line *Continued from page 4*

flowers across the bustline, with John Bromfield, of course; the Bill Perlbergs; Donna Reed and Tony Owen; Marie McDonald and Harry Karl; Phil Silvers; Bob Taylor and Ursula Thiess there too; and Greer Garson in a flaming red dress—but not quite the right shade to flatter her own flaming tresses.

Jerry Lewis and his cute Patti were tabled with the Spike Joneses. Bob Hope; Kathryn Grayson with Benny Thau; Jimmy Durante; Janet Leigh (she being a long-bobbed blonde), Tony Curtis and Donald O'Connor; Debbie Reynolds with John Anderson; Dean and Jeanne Martin were others lending an ear. Before Tony went on, Jer' Lewis went up to the room reserved for entertainers, tore the draperies down from the windows, tore off Tony's tie, mussed up his hair, tore his shirt off and otherwise "mussed up the place." Jerry said he did it to keep Tony from getting nervous!?

An opening of a different sort took place in London (after all, with so many Hollywood names abroad, how can I skip things that go on across the ocean?)—the gala premiere of "Paratrooper." My spies say Piccadilly looked like Sunset Boulevard. Alan Ladd, star of the picture, was the *one* overseas star missing. He happened to be toiling in Canada that week. But the following filmville pets were in Blighty—and rolled up to the theatre in Rolls-Royces, Daimlers and such, while an honor guard of Empire Troops lined up at each side of the entrance: Lana Turner and Lex Barker; Clark Gable (who flew over from Paris); Ava Gardner and Robert Taylor (who hadn't yet left England); Cornel Wilde and Jean Wallace; Paul Douglas; Carlos Thompson; Pier Angeli; Mel Ferrer beauing Mary Castle—and lots more. Just like a Hollywood preem!

Agent Henry Willson, the agent who's given some of your favorite males such names as Rory Calhoun, Tab Hunter, Rock Hudson, Race Gentry, etc., in place of their own monickers, busted out with a nice cocktail-through-midnight party at a new home of his own in Bel Air. Setting was his cellophane-enclosed patio, charmingly lighted with hurricane candle lamps—and a beautiful view of the huge sycamore trees (also lighted) lining the hillside of his property. Rock Hudson was there with Terry Moore in a strapless cocktail dress—Terry, that is! And talented George Nader, as busy with movies as he is with TV these days; Miriam Nelson; the Keith Andes'; Touch Conners and his Mrs.; John Smith (whose name used to be Bob van Norden!).

Odds and Ends: Gene Nelson—of all people—was emcee for the Diane hand-knit fashion show at Mocambo. Need I add that Jane Powell was one of the many star-models whose outfits Nelson had to describe? . . . Denise Darcel wrote from Paris that the newest craze in that high-fashion town is to carry a "Sweet Beastie"—a little stuffed monkey, turtle, bear, etc., made of the same fabric as the costumes it's to be carried with . . . But the French gals have nothing on Janet Leigh, who was seen leaving Teitlebaums wearing leopard skin toreador pants!

Terry Moore started a fad with an ermine patch over the eye that had been bothering her for weeks. Shelley Winters, who was having a little orb trouble herself, adopted the "style." Shelley really has gone fashion-conscious. Before she went to Las Vegas for her night club debut, she rounded up a group of girl friends and modeled her fabulous PA gowns. Such squeals over the flame and gold and white brocade numbers she pours herself into!

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(*Continued from page* 35)

autographs. Scott flashed his friendly smile and dashed off his signature, and when the ladies moved on, they were bedazzled.

"Look," I said. "Just look how easily you made those girls happy. But what you've done to our Hollywood girls!"

"Now you look," said Scott. "Practically speaking, I've never known anything but Hollywood girls and one of the troubles with them is that they never give you time enough to fall in love with them.

"Oh, I'd dated a few girls before I came here—but after all I was only seventeen when I went into the Navy, and right after I got out, I came West. I'd had one special girl back home in Yonkers, and I did call her, when I got out of uniform. We hadn't been too serious, just sort of at the hand-holding stage. I hadn't written to her too much, I'm afraid, but I still thought she'd remember me. So I called her up, asked how about a date, and she said she didn't see how she could make it. She said she and her husband wouldn't know where to find a baby sitter on such short notice.

"So then I hit Hollywood—and started to meet Hollywood girls. What a surprise I was in for! These girls are so sane they're completely unromantic. The first girl I dated out here was typical. I won't tell you her name because she's married now, but I'll never forget that date. First of all, she wouldn't drink, because that was bad for her complexion. Then she would only nibble on a little food because a square meal was bad for her figure. And she had to be home by nine o'clock because she was due on the set next morning by eight."

Scott paused. His eyes became serious. "The first sight of these kids out here puts a guy off his rocker. They have the most beautiful faces, and the best figures—but they never relax. Never. I like driving around with the top down on my car—but not these girls. That will ruin their hair-do. I don't own a tux, but these girls would eat it up if you took them on an every-night date that required a black tie. And this throws you off, because you get a sense they're not out with you for the pleasure of it, but for the publicity."

"Oh, now, that can't be true of all the girls in Hollywood!"

"No, of course not. There are some exceptions. Take Dorothy Malone, for instance. There's a wonderful girl, and a beauty and a fine actress. Maybe I stayed interested in Dorothy longer than I did in any of the others because she laughed longest at my jokes. But she's got a thing; she has to be a big girl back in her home state of Texas. Can she go back there between pictures and just relax? No, she has to be doing something every moment. Once we were in San Francisco together. Could she just have laughs? No, she had to play every hospital in the area. Sure, it was a good deed. Terrific. But romantic? No! I think Dorothy would make a terrific mother, if she'd settle down. But she's always racing, always seeking.

"Maybe the trouble is that Hollywood girls have to dramatize everything. Yvonne DeCarlo, for instance, is a very fine cook—but she takes it too big. I'm a pretty good cook myself, but I can settle for a steak anytime. But you get a glamour girl in a kitchen and nothing less than a four-course meal will satisfy her and you starve to death while she's out putting those special touches on it."

"What about the very, very important bachelor girls around town?" I asked. "Girls like Joan Crawford."

"The Greg Bautzer circuit?" said Scott. "Oh, that's too big for me. I haven't got that dignity thing. I don't want to go to the smartest restaurants every night and play the distinguished young devil. First, I couldn't get away with it, and next, I like laughs.

"The first thing I have to find out about any girl is if she can take a joke. Why, the first time I had a date with Anita Eckberg I went unshaven. That was an accident, really. I'd come home from the studio and I was all undressed and ready to shave when I discovered I was out of razor blades. The idea of getting all dressed again, out into my car and to the drug store, then back and undressed and re-dressed seemed just too much. So I put on my things, put the razor in my pocket, and went to Anita's.

"When she answered the bell, I went right in past her. 'I'll be busy for a few minutes,' I told her, and I walked into her house, I tossed off my coat, found her bathroom and went in and shaved. She laughed like crazy and that made us friends from the start.

"I pulled a stunt like that on Jane Nigh once, too. I had a late afternoon date with her and she told me she was going out for dinner that night with a business-man. She said she had to be on very formal behavior, and that seemed a shame, for such a fun-girl.

"So, just before I was due to leave, I slipped out into her kitchen and left the kitchen door ajar. Then I said good-bye, walked out the front door, and drove my car just far enough down the street so she couldn't see me from her windows, but where I could keep a bead on her door

"Pretty soon, the big-business type drew up in a big car. I waited, and when I was sure they were just settled down to talk, I slipped in through the kitchen door. I tiptoed upstairs, took off all my clothes and turned on the shower. Jane came tearing up and pounded on the bathroom door. 'Who's there?' she screamed. I wrapped a towel around me, stepped out and said, 'Yes, dear?' She was a real great sport about it, and I must say, so was the guy."

Scott's eyes were dancing with mischief. "Of course, she married someone else," he said. "Not me."

"And of course," I said, "you know if you had pulled a stunt like that with Ann Blyth. Ann's Uncle Pat would have killed you."

"What are you saying?" Scott asked. "Nobody could think of a stunt like that around Ann. Why, Ann is like that dream of girls you have when you are a kid. She's perfect, and she's beautiful, and she has a great talent. Girls like Ann happen only once a century, I guess."

"So it was your mother you brought along with you to Ann's wedding reception."

"Yes," said Scott, "and Ma nearly chewed my ear off for it. She kept asking me what was the matter with her three boys, none of them making her a grandmother. I tried to calm her down. I pointed out that Eddie had been married for two years, even if he is divorced now. And I told her that though I couldn't speak for Larry, I could say for myself that the moment I fell really in love, I'd marry.

"The trouble with me," Scott went on, "is that whenever I meet a girl, and start to get serious, I begin to think beyond her beauty. I get thoughts like if I were married to her, she'd probably hang freshly washed stockings in the shower, and leave combs in the washstand. I'd start to dress and she'd say, 'No, dear, don't wear your checked coat. Wear your plain one.' And she would insist that I eat more salad and

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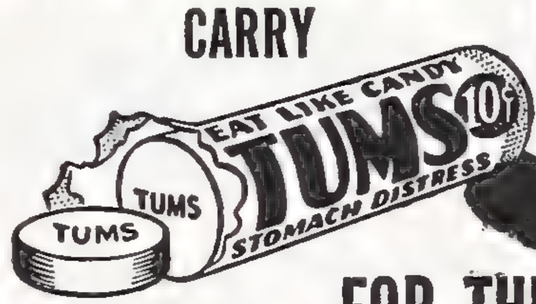

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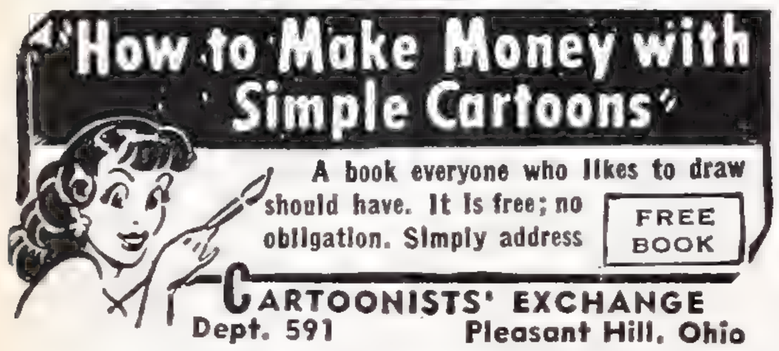

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less pie. And the night I wanted to stay home, she'd want to go out, or else every fifth night she'd make me climb into a tuxedo and play social."

There was no point to going into the lecture department to tell Scott how Gordon MacRae says that it's the things he and Sheila have learned together that have given his life its flavor. It wouldn't have done much good to remind him how that rugged he-man, Burt Lancaster, goes to PTA meetings with his wife, Norma, and is having a wonderful time planning the kids' college educations. Or how Alan Ladd says, "There never is anything I want to do without Susie."

So I merely said, "Scott, I don't believe you have ever been remotely in love."

His face came suddenly very serious. "You know," he said, "you could be right at that. But I do know this much. A good friend of mine got married not so long ago to the plainest little girl I ever saw. He'd been like me. He liked a modern house. He liked good, simple food. He liked to barge around in old clothes.

"One night he asked me to call. I walked into a house all pink lamp shades and furbelows and bows. All the food was fussed up, too, and there was that plain little girl looking up at him as though he'd just dropped down from heaven that morning.

"So I pulled him aside and I asked him how come. Didn't those bows throw him? Didn't he miss not seeing glamour girls?

"And you know what he said? He said, 'Is the house fussy? Isn't my wife glamorous? I've never noticed it, because my life's so wonderful.' I guess that's love. Now, if I can just find a girl with Ann Blyth's spiritual qualities, and Dorothy Malone's sense of fun, and Elaine Stewart's colorfulness, all pretty neatly packaged, well, I'm available."

So that's how it stands with Scott—a sensitive, rather timid guy, who's trying to hide behind a rather smooth exterior, and who's getting a little lonely. But one day the right girl will track him down, and she probably won't look a bit like Elaine or Dorothy or Ann. But she'll be his evasive ideal. And she'll get herself a fine husband and S. Brady, bachelor, won't be frightened any more THE END

One Unenchanted Evening

(*Continued from page* 37)

a matter of fact, he was the fellow who introduced them. And he was the chap who had bet a hundred to one just a few weeks before that they'd *never* marry.

It all started about two years ago, a few days after the release of Rosemary Clooney's big record "Come-on-a My House." It was bitter cold in New York, and Rosemary was sticking close to the phone, waiting for sales reports on her record.

A lot of friends had been dropping in all day and Rosemary sat cross-legged on the floor chatting with them when the publicity man dropped in.

"I just left Joe Ferrer," he said, "and he was telling me how much he admired you. He said he'd like to meet you."

"*Joe Ferrer!*" Rosie retorted with a laugh. "You mean the actor-writer-producer-director-genius star of stage, screen, radio and everything else? When would he find the time?"

"He'd make it. He asked me to arrange lunch or something."

"Isn't this genius married?"

"Well, yes . . . and no. They're not really working at it."

"I think," said Rosie, "he's too talented for poor little me. Tell him to go find a pretty girl. I'm just an ugly Kentucky singer."

There was a lot more talk about José Ferrer that afternoon, very little of it too complimentary. Not vicious. But the idea of Ferrer, the cosmopolite, and the Kentucky band singer was just too, too ludicrous as a combination. At least that's what Rosemary thought. And then they spoke of other things.

It was a couple of weeks before Rosemary heard about him again. And it was from that publicity man again. He was associated with Ferrer in the production of a play, "Twentieth Century." He telephoned Rosemary.

"Look," he said, "Joe and I are giving a party at Sardi's after the opening tonight. Why don't you come?"

"This the same Joe?" asked Rosie.

"Of course. He says he's just got to meet you."

"I don't understand it," said Rosie, "but I'll come. Can I bring a couple of friends? We'd just like to catch this kid's act."

That night, after the theatre, Rosie and a couple of pals went to the party. The usual Broadway crowd was there—the actors, agents, musicians, press and rival producers. Rosie and her friends took a table—and José was suddenly there, as though someone had rung for him. There was no chair—and Rosie didn't suggest he get one.

The man has charm and he used it, but Rosemary, fully aware of the business she was getting, pretended she hardly noticed him. And when he was called away from time to time to visit with other guests, Rosie and her chums had great laughs at his expense. In simple language, it was *not* love at first sight.

For a month at least, following the Sardi's party, the publicist, now anxious to drop the entire matter, was prevailed upon repeatedly by José to call Clooney and arrange that lunch date. It wasn't public knowledge at the time, but José and his wife were on the verge of divorce—and he said he was lonely. But Rosie wouldn't cooperate.

Finally, Joe abandoned his contact man and set about his own courtship. Now nobody claims that José Ferrer is even close to being handsome. But anyone who knows him will tell you that the little fellow can fascinate any woman of any age out of her bridgework.

The first time the Ferrer flowers arrived Rosemary sat and laughed. Too many flowers for one person. The next day it became a problem. Where to put them. The third day she was sore. The roses were a burden. And then she began to wonder what kind of fellow this Ferrer was. Hundreds of expensive flowers all over the place. Rosie got more flowers from José in a week than she had had in her entire life. The man was either nuts or he really liked her.

Up to this point in her life, Rosie had never had a real boy friend, except for one year of long-distance romance with Dave Garroway. This was an odd affair, which consisted mainly of Garroway's phoning from Chicago at intervals and telling her his symptoms. Garroway is just as off-beat a fellow in real life as he is on television. Once every few weeks they'd meet at some half-way point between Chicago and New York, and by the time Dave got finished telling her his problems they'd have to part. It wasn't a very fulfilling romance and pretty one-sided. Gar-

roway didn't ever think to send flowers.

The posey operation was the right approach to Rosie. She began to wait for Joe's inevitable phone calls, vaguely amused at first, later on with a slight anticipation and finally with eagerness. And when finally the actor did ask her to lunch Rosie just said, "Where? When? What time?"

Rosemary Clooney was a gone goose before the soup was gone. She had never known anyone like José before. The men in her world were the kind who spoke only of "platters" and "arrangements" and "new sounds." Ferrer talked of the theatre, philosophy, languages and horticulture. He was using an Oscar as a door stop (for "Cyrano de Bergerac"), had one hit play on Broadway, two more opening and a head full of cultural plans for the future. And he spoke about all these things as though they were to be shared by Rosie.

The next day Rosemary's friends were astonished to find a large picture of José in front of the morning's flowers. Somebody made a small joke—but it fell flat.

José Ferrer's courtship of Rosemary Clooney was completely dignified, if a little "Pygmalion" in style. The actor, because of his situation with his wife, was emotionally restless and seemed to need the comfort of the singer. She gave it willingly. And the odd arrangement soon became the talk of Broadway. Her personal circle just couldn't figure it out. They couldn't see what Rosie saw in José, or, for that matter, what he saw in her.

Then Rosemary was called to Hollywood. This had to be the end, her friends thought. José headed for Paris, and eight thousand miles separated the lovers.

Rosemary Clooney's romance was the one thing that worried her new bosses at Paramount. Ferrer was a married man. Though the word was out, of course, that his wife was going to divorce him, it wasn't official. The general hope was that the love would wither from neglect, but Rosie continued to walk around with her head in the clouds.

While José was stumping around Paris streets in the make-up of Toulouse-Lautrec, Rosie was spending her spare time sitting in the garden of a huge Hollywood home staring into space. There was just one rule in that house. When the phone rang, Rosemary had to answer it first. It was usually José calling from Paris. And if the instrument remained silent for more than a couple of hours, Rosie placed a call.

When her first picture was finished, there was a little trouble at the studio. Rosemary picked up a passport. The word got to the front office that she was going off to see her boy. This, from the studio's point of view, was madness. Her first picture presented her as a clean-cut kid who might fall in love with a Princeton lad, but couldn't in a million years figure as the corespondent in a divorce suit. The best talkers in the plant went to work on her—and a deal was finally made. If Rosie would delay her trip until Mrs. Ferrer could get into court the studio would treat her to a trip abroad with all expenses paid. It was more than likely common sense that made Rosie change her mind (not the promise of the trip) but she did agree to wait—and everyone breathed a lot easier.

During this period of tension the only person who felt entirely certain that this was all a game was José's old friend, the publicist. He was asked one day if he thought José would marry Rosemary. 'Absolutely," he said, "positively *not!*"

"But what about all this attention?" he was asked.

"Ferrer must have this to live," was his pat answer. "Like you must have bread, Joe must have a woman who will listen to him, a woman to jump when he cracks the whip. But he won't marry again. Not in a million years!"

Other Ferrer acquaintances, however, had a different story to tell. Zsa Zsa Gabor, who had worked with him in "Moulin Rouge," complained when she returned to America, "Some men fall in love and are still sensible, but this man is impossible," she said. "He is all the time on the telephone to Rosemary in Hollywood. He wouldn't even look at *me!*"

The way the story ought to go from here on is familiar to all readers of romantic fiction. The man comes home, his domestic matters are settled quickly in an attorney's office and the pair live happily ever after. But it wasn't that way at all. José came home, asked his wife for a divorce and she told him she'd think about it. Rosie got the wind up and and in a flash the whole situation was reversed, with Rosie in the driver's seat, José begging for time, and Rosie telling him to get the matter settled or get lost. And for the first time in his life, José Ferrer found himself unable to master the situation with a few well-selected quotations.

It didn't get in the papers. As a matter of fact, few of their close friends knew about it, but for several weeks the romance between José and Rosie was kaput. Probably for the first time in his life, José was in love. And miserable.

The ex-Mrs. José Ferrer was furious about the whole thing. She'd get a divorce when she was good and ready. Solicitors for José went to her and told her José was in love and likely to lose his lady unless she got a divorce but fast. Her comments added up to something like "Wouldn't that be a pity."

And Rosemary was adamant. Marriage was on her mind. Marriage or nothing. Her father came to California to see her and bolstered her attitude. So there came a period of waiting for Rosie—and a period of sweating it out for José. There were times when he could hardly realize it was really José Ferrer in this muddle. The lover, the suave one who had made practically a profession of loving and leaving was now in the position of having to apologize to one woman for dumping her—and to another for keeping her waiting.

They say it cost José a good deal in self-esteem and money, but finally his attorneys arranged a settlement with his wife—and in the nick of time, for Rosie was just about to call the whole thing off. Joe was in Dallas, Texas, appearing in a play when the news came. Mrs. Ferrer had flown to Mexico and had divorced him and flown right back to New York. Joe was a free man. He picked up the phone and called Rosemary for the first time in many days. She was hard at work in "Red Garters," but she took the next plane to Texas.

Two days later they drove the ninety miles to Durant, Oklahoma and Rosemary and José were married at long last. Back in Dallas they posed for a picture with the cast of José's play—and it was printed in the New York tabloid that the publicity man saw.

The José Ferrers are a local couple in Hollywood now. They own a fine house on one of the better streets and they plan to raise a family. They don't mix much in Hollywood circles, for Rosemary has developed some of the Ferrer aloofness and is more interested in the quiet life than the hoopla that goes with being a movie star. Rosemary, they say, is the boss of the family, but you can't be sure. The day after they moved into their home those flowers began coming again. They've come every day since. THE END

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BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 14.

A—Adults F—Family

Some 3-D films are also being shown in 2-D versions. Check your theatre to see which is being used.

ACTRESS, THE—M-G-M: Delightful, talky tale of a teenager (Jean Simmons) with stage yearnings. Spencer Tracy scores as Dad. (F) October

ALL AMERICAN, THE—U-I: Tony Curtis looks plenty attractive in a college story, as a reluctant grid star. Lori Nelson. (F) November

BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY—U-I, Technicolor: Rock Hudson defends Lori Nelson in a lusty tale of dirty doings in the far North. (F) December

BIG HEAT, THE—Columbia: Routine racket-buster. Detective Glenn Ford, aided by Gloria Grahame, seeks his wife's killers. (F) December

BEGGAR'S OPERA, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Picturesque, ironic music-film, with Laurence Olivier as a dashing highwayman. (A) October

BLOWING WILD—Warners: Flamboyant yarn of oil-drilling in Mexico. Cooper, Stanwyck and Quinn are involved in a triangle. (A) December

BLUEPRINT FOR MURDER, A—20th: Stock whodunit. Joseph Cotten suspects Jean Peters of a poison plot to gain a fortune. (F) October

CADDY, THE—Paramount: Oddly constructed but funny Martin-Lewis farce. Jerry coaches Dean to win at golf, gets snubbed as reward. (F) October

CAPTAIN'S PARADISE, THE—Lopert: Unusual farce. Skipper Alec Guinness is wed to both prim Celia Johnson, sexy Yvonne DeCarlo. Paradise ends as the gals rebel. (A) November

CINERAMA—Cinerama Productions, color: No story, plenty of excitement. Amazing technique with huge curved screen now showing in New York, Detroit, Los Angeles, Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington. (F) January

CRAZYLEGS, ALL-AMERICAN—Republic: Likable Elroy Hirsch of the L. A. Rams retraces his grid progress. With Joan Vohs. (F) December

DECAMERON NIGHTS — RKO, Technicolor: Three skirmishes in the battle of the sexes, presented handsomely and wittily by Louis Jourdan (as Boccaccio) and Joan Fontaine. (A) December

DESPERATE MOMENT—Rank, U-I: Hackneyed chase sharpened by real German backgrounds. Dirk Bogarde breaks jail to find a killer, gets help from Mai Zetterling. (F) November

DEVIL'S CANYON—RKO; Technicolor, 3-D: Routine prison movie with some thrills. Dale Robertson's a good con; Virginia Mayo wastes her love on brutish Steve McNally. (F) November

EAST OF SUMATRA—U-I, Technicolor: Gaudy action yarn. Jeff Chandler's a mining engineer; Anthony Quinn, an island chief. (F) November

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY—Columbia: Powerful study of GI's in Hawaii in 1941. Sinatra's tops, rivaled by Lancaster, Clift. Deborah Kerr, Donna Reed feature in sordid loves. (A) October

GOLDEN BLADE, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Affable Persian horse opera. Rock Hudson wields a magic sword to save Bagdad and Piper Laurie from George Macready's evil plots. (F) November

ISLAND IN THE SKY—Warners: Stirring tale of flyers' fellowship. John Wayne and his ATC crew are downed in frozen wilds. (F) October

JOE LOUIS STORY, THE—U. A.: Simple, unassuming. Coley Wallace plays Joe, except in big fight scenes (newsreel clips). (F) November

JULIUS CAESAR—M-G-M: Magnificent, true-to-Shakespeare film of the dictator's death and the assassins' fate. Brilliant acting by James Mason, John Gielgud, Marlon Brando. (F) September

LION IS IN THE STREETS, A—Warners, Technicolor: A strong idea's fumbled. James Cagney overplays a Deep South demagogue. (A) December

LITTLE BOY LOST—Paramount: Lovable drama done with unusual grace. Bing Crosby's fine as an American newsman in France to seek his son—who *may* be Christian Fourcade. (F) November

LITTLE FUGITIVE—Burstyn: Enchanting picture of childhood in a big city. Richie Andrusco hides out in Coney Island. (F) December

MARRY ME AGAIN—RKO: A lightweight farce. Marie Wilson's a *Cinderella* whose sudden fortune alienates proud beau Bob Cummings. (F) December

MARTIN LUTHER—de Rochemont: Niall McGinnis movingly portrays the founder of Protestantism in a splendid religious film. (F) November

MOGAMBO—M-G-M, Technicolor: Africa and Ava dominate a lively, laugh-trimmed thriller, with Gable playing mighty hunter, Gardner adventuress, Grace Kelly restless wife. (F) December

NIGHT IS MY KINGDOM, THE—Davis: Jean Gabin's a blind man in a predictable but touching French film (English titles). (A) December

99 RIVER STREET—U. A.: Tough, implausible suspense story. John Payne's a cabbie framed for the murder of wife Peggie Castle. (A) November

PARATROOPER—Columbia, Technicolor: British raids (by Alan Ladd, Leo Genn) against Nazis are exciting; the love story isn't. (F) December

PLUNDER OF THE SUN—Warners: Distinctive mystery in a vivid locale. Glenn Ford, Pat Medina hunt ancient Mexican treasure. (F) October

ROBE, THE—20th; CinemaScope, Technicolor: A Bible-inspired drama introduces an amazing new process. Richard Burton, Jean Simmons are Roman aristocrats; Mature, a Christian. (F) December

ROMAN HOLIDAY—Paramount: Entrancing romance of newsman Greg Peck, princess Audrey Hepburn. Eddie Albert adds laughs. (A) October

SABRE JET—U. A., CineColor: Impressive shots of jets in Korea; shallow human drama involving Bob Stack, Coleen Gray. (F) December

SECOND CHANCE—RKO; 3-D, Technicolor: Fast-paced, eye-pleasing. Gunman Palance trails Linda Darnell; Mitchum defends her. (F) October

SHE HAD TO SAY YES—RKO: Weak homespun comedy. Bob Mitchum is a country doc; Jean Simmons, a foolish philanthropist. (F) September

SO BIG—Warners: Honest sentiment, expertly done. Jane Wyman's fine as the wife and widow of farmer Sterling Hayden. (F) December

TAKE THE HIGH GROUND—M-G-M, Ansco-Color: Familiar comedy-drama of draftees' training, freshened by good acting: Widmark as a sarge; Russ Tamblyn, others as new GI's. (F) November

TANGA-TIKA—Monson-Long, Eastman Color: Beguiling if slightly crude romance, shot on lovely Tahiti with a mostly native cast. (F) December

THOSE REDHEADS FROM SEATTLE—Paramount; 3-D, Technicolor: Nice musical of early Alaska. Rhonda Fleming, disc stars. (F) December

THREE FORBIDDEN STORIES—Ellis: A suave, well-acted Italian film (English titles) close-ups girls with the wrong men. (A) December

THREE GIRLS FROM ROME—I.F.E.: Amiable, rambling close-up of Italian working girls and their loves. Lucia Bose is a real beauty. English dialogue, dubbed in smoothly. (A) November

TITFIELD THUNDERBOLT, THE—Rank, U-I; Technicolor: Pleasant British whimsy about amateur railroaders. Stanley Holloway. (F) December

TORCH SONG—M-G-M, Technicolor: Joan Crawford does a brassy case study of a neurotic star. With Michael Wilding and music. (A) December

VEILS OF BAGDAD, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Lots of action (Vic Mature) and unveiled beauty (Mari Blanchard). (F) December

VICKI—20th: Choppy, standard whodunit, with Jean Peters as victim, Jeanne Crain her virtuous sister, Richard Boone detective. (F) December

VILLAGE, THE—U. A.: Affecting, sometimes overdone drama shot at a home for D. P. children in Switzerland. With John Justin. (F) December

WAR OF THE WORLDS, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: A Martian invasion with stunning special effects, negligible human angle. (F) June

WAR PAINT—U.A., Pathe Color: Good, grim Western with awesome scenery. Trooper Bob Stack fights Indians, thirst, mutiny. (F) October

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